THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF JAMES BOADEN, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY OPIE.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Portrait of Sir James Mackintosh, Recorder of Bengal, from a fine Painting by Opie, will be given in our next.

Our readers will be highly gratified in the perusal of a very singular and original production, from the pen of the celebrated author of the Farmer's Boy, which will appear in the Mirror for January.

The following articles have been received, and will appear next month.

The third number of ROMAN LETTERS.

NOTCA's observations on the representation of the *Bold Stroke for a Husband* at Drury-Lane.

CURSORY REMARKS on the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles.

IMPARTIALIS, from *Boston*, in America, giving an account of the theatre there; and

A translation of Petrarch's 145th Sonnet.

The resemblance pointed out between Shakspeare and Lee has been frequently noticed.

The Essay by T. G. presents nothing new upon the subject.

The Prostitute, by J. B. possesses merit, but is not sufficiently striking for insertion in this work.

The FARMER and the PIGEON, by Julia de B. at the first convenient opportunity.

A LOVER of LITERATURE shall be attended to.

The Biographical Accounts of Mr. Harley, &c. are again unavoidably postponed.

THE
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

JAMES BOADEN, Esq. is the son of the late Mr. William Boaden, who was many years in the Russia trade. The family is Cornish, and Mr. Boaden's grandfather died a tenant of Sir Francis Bassett. The subject of our memoir was born, however, at Whitehaven, in Cumberland, on the 23rd of May, 1762. He came with his parents to London, when very young, and after receiving the proper education for a man of business, he was placed in the counting house of the present respectable alderman for Candlewick Ward, Peter Perchard, Esq. To that gentleman's indefatigable application to business, he always owned himself highly indebted, for though he for some time played truant with THE MUSES, and drew upon literature entirely for his support, yet the thorough knowledge of business into which he was there instituted, remained a powerful auxiliary, and has now procured for him the handsome provision which a very large family demands.

But something should be detailed of the literary portion of his life. Mr. John Bell, a man to whom the country is indebted for book embellishment, and typographical neatness, separating himself from Captain Topham, established a newspaper called the *Oracle.* It was, necessarily, a rival to that called the *World*, and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Este. It may be imagined that Mr. Bell was solicitous to retain as many features of the former paper as he could, and a few gratuitous communications from Mr. Boaden, soon shewed him the pen able to assume any characteristics of thought and diction. Probably imitation was never more perfect. The connexion long subsisted between Mr. Boaden and Mr. Bell, and was one of a liberal and friendly nature. Struggling with many difficulties, disproportioned, not to his mind, but to his fortune, Mr. Bell always fulfilled his engagements with Mr. Boaden, and received the steady and powerful advantages of that gentleman's talents, whether in the conduct of the paper, or in the arrangement and progress of his various publications.

It should be observed, that the complexion of the newspapers of that day was less political than at present: Europe was at peace: the French revolution had not commenced its frightful and desolating career, and the diurnal prints, the two above mentioned in particular, were left to the discussion of literary topics. They were rather a repository for the effusions of men of taste and genius, than a mere register of events, or a vehicle for party politics. They of course required persons of considerable intellectual attainments to conduct them with success, and Mr. Boaden possessed, in a singular degree, the qualifications for such a task. The columns of the Oracle, at the period we speak of, abounded with valuable observations on the arts, with specimens of elegant poetry, and sound criticism. The progress of the drama, ever an interesting object of attention to intelligent men, was accurately marked, and the claims both of poet and actor investigated liberally, but closely.

In the execution of these duties, Mr. Boaden, from an admirer of the stage, became a writer for it. His FONTAINVILLE FOREST, produced at Covent Garden in 1794, raised him to immediate distinction as a dramatic author. We are not exactly of opinion that

> The value of a thing
> Is just as much as it will bring;

but Mr. Boaden need not object to have his play tried even by that test, for it brought him pence as well as reputation; and besides the handsome profits of the representation, his copy right produced him a hundred guineas.

This play is founded on Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest.* Finding that the ordinary avenues to the stage were pre-occupied, Mr. Boaden discovered a new method of approach to it. He struck out his own path, and, with one or two deviations, has trodden in it ever since. He seized, with a dramatic spirit, the substance of some popular modern romance, and transferred it from the closet to the theatre; thus adding to the *eclat* of the original performance, and acquiring no subordinate fame himself by the dexterous execution of his design. About this time Mr. Boaden entered himself of the Middle Temple, but we believe the *law* in this instance, as in many others, has been forced to yield to the more engaging attractions of the *drama.* His next performance was a tragedy called the SECRET TRIBUNAL, taken from Professor Kramer's *Herman of Unna*, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1795, so late in the season as June, a circumstance that prevented his deriving from it the advantage which its favourable reception entitled him to expect. He has since produced, on the Haymarket stage, the ITALIAN MONK,

from Mrs. Radcliffe's *Confession of the Black Penitents*;* CAMBRO BRITONS,† a play founded on the opposition of Lewellyn, Prince of Wales to the ambition of Edward the First. The VOICE OF NATURE,‡ adapted to our stage from the French of M. Craignez; and lastly the MAID OF BRISTOL. These, with the addition of AURELIO AND MIRANDA,§ from Mr. Lewis' romance of the *Monk*, performed at Drury-Lane in 1798, are, we believe, the whole of Mr. Boaden's contributions to the stage. The last five having been produced since the establishment of this work, have passed, as they appeared, under our cognizance, and have received the commendation due to their several merits.

When the Shakspere FORGERIES were first exhibited to the world, Mr. Boaden, in common with all the admirers of the illustrious bard, felt a strong interest with regard to the newly discovered manuscripts. Upon a slight survey of the papers, he had no reason to suspect their authenticity; he wished to find them genuine, and easily concluded that they were so. "They bore the character of the poet's writing—the paper appeared of sufficient age—the water marks were earnestly displayed, and the matter diligently applauded. To a mind filled with the most ardent love and eager zeal; disarmed of caution by the character too of the gentleman who displayed them, it will not be a subject of severe reproof that the wished impression was made."‖ But upon "examining the facts scrupulously by the light of history; and applying to things the rule of chronology, and to persons the records of biography;"** Mr. Boaden found that his enthusiasm had outrun his judgment. He immediately published a pamphlet entitled a *Letter to George Steevens, Esq.*†† in which he stated explicitly the grounds of his disbelief, and clearly demonstrated the forgery.

This publication, penned with great force and elegance, and exhibiting a very extensive acquaintance with the writings of Shakspere, staggered the most credulous of Mr. Ireland's proselytes, and it was thought necessary, by the fabricators of the MSS. to attempt something by way of reply. Not being able to overthrow a series of arguments established on undoubted facts and *data*, they hoped to diminish the effect of Mr. Boaden's letter, by opposing the sentiments he entertained of the papers in a moment of unguarded en-

* Vol. IV. p. 100.

† Vol. VI. p. 101.

‡ Vol. XIV. p. 121.

§ Vol. VII. p. 45.

‖ Letter to Mr. Steevens, p. 2.

** Ibid.

†† Vol. I. p. 169.

thusiasm, to those which were the result of mature deliberation in his closet, and the clearest conviction upon his mind. This was a very weak ground of defence for the authors of the forgery to stand upon;—for it only proved Mr. Boaden's anxiety to counteract the aid he had unintentionally given to imposture. Dr. Johnson is said to have been a believer in the *Cock Lane Ghost*, but the moment he detected the fraud, he wrote the letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, which put a stop to the *knocking* and *scratching* that had so long deceived and terrified the neighbourhood.

Mr. Boaden has certainly the credit of having been the first to frustrate this most impudent attempt to ensnare and disgrace the literary character of the nation. MR. MALONE's elaborate *Enquiry*, which decided the question for ever, did not appear till some time after the publication of the *Letter to Mr. Steevens.*

Nearly the whole of the compositions we have mentioned have been the production of such leisure as could be spared from more necessary and important avocations. In fact Mr. Boaden's time is divided between business and literature, and it is fortunate when a man can make two such opposite weights in the scale of human life preserve their just equilibrium.

We had almost forgotten to mention another performance of which Mr. Boaden is the author, and which places him as a writer of *Blank Verse* in the highest class of modern poets. The title of the production is a *Rainy Day at Brighton*,* and the poem, the hasty effusion of a few hours, affords some animated descriptions of the picturesque objects on the coast, and a sketch of the fashionable manners and amusements which prevail in that watering place.

Mr. Boaden is acquainted with most of the eminent writers and public characters of the day, and if his inclination did not keep him so much within the circle of his own family, there are few men, who, from gentlemanly manners, a well cultivated mind, a remarkable readiness and brilliancy in conversation, have it in their power to render themselves more entertaining in society. The transition is easy from *talking well* to *reading well*, and we shall here make it to remark that Mr. Boaden was an ardent admirer of Henderson, with whom, when but a lad, he was admitted to converse, and from whose admirable style of recitation, he profited so much, that, while reading his plays in the Green Room, he has received nearly the same compliment which Major Mohun paid to Nat. Lee, when he threw down a part, in despair of acting it so well as it had been read by the poet.

* Vol. XII. p. 109.

LORD ASHBURTON'S DIRECTIONS TO A STUDENT AT LAW.

In a Letter to a Gentleman of the Inner Temple.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, March 3rd, 1779.*

THE habits of intercourse in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, make me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth and information, will be amply gratified for the toil, in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence, which has the good of the people for its basis, and accumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined; more especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientific form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone, will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understandings, but better attainments. On the other hand, the most painful plodder can never arrive at celebrity by mere reading; a man calculated for success, must add to native genius an instinctive faculty in the discovery and retention of that knowledge only, which can be at once useful and productive.

I imagine that a considerable degree of learning is absolutely necessary. The elder authors frequently wrote in Latin, and the foreign jurists continue the practice to this day. Besides this, classical attainments contribute much to the refinement of understanding, and the embellishment of style. The utility of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, are known and felt by every one; geometry will afford the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning; and geography is so very necessary in common life, that there is less credit in knowing, than dishonour in being unacquainted with it. But it is history, and more particularly that of his own country, which will occupy the attention, and attract the regard, of the great lawyer. A minute knowledge of the political revolutions and judicial decisions of our predecessors, whether in the more ancient or

modern æras of our government, is equally useful and interesting. This will include a narrative of all the material alterations in the common law, and the reasons: and I would always recommend a diligent attendance on the courts of justice, as by that mean the practice of them (a circumstance of great moment) will be easily and naturally acquired. Besides this, a much stronger impression will be made on the mind by the statement of the case, and the pleadings of the counsel, than from a cold uninteresting detail of it in a report. But above all, a trial at bar, or a special argument, should never be neglected.

As it is usual on these occasions to take notes, a knowledge of short hand will give such facility to your labours, as to enable you to follow the most rapid speaker with certainty and precision. Common place books are convenient and useful; and as they are generally lettered, a reference may be had to them in a moment. It is usual to acquire some insight into real business under an eminent special pleader, previous to actual practice at the bar: this idea I beg leave strongly to second, and indeed I have known but a few great men who have not possessed this advantage. I here subjoin a list of books necessary for your perusal and instruction, to which I have added some remarks; and wishing that you may add to a successful practice, that integrity which can alone make you worthy of it, I remain, &c. &c.

Read Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I. Henry VI. Henry VII. Henry VIII. James I. Charles I. Charles II. and James II.

Blackstone. On the second reading turn to the references.

Mr. Justice Wright's learned Treatise on Tenures.

Coke Littleton, especially every word of fee-simple, fee-toil, and tenant in toil.

Coke's Institutes; more particularly the first and second: and Serjeant Hawkins's Compendium.

Coke's Report—Plowden's Commentary—Bacon's Abridgment; and first Principles of Equity—Pigott on Fines—Reports of Croke, Burrow, Raymond, Saunders, Strange, and Peere Williams—Paley's Maxims—Lord Bacon's Elements of the Common Law.

A DISCOURSE,

CONTAINING

THE EULOGIUM OF THE DUKE DE LA FORCE.

[From Montesquieu's Posthumous Works.]

THIS day, so solemn to the Academy—this day, on which it distributes its prizes, cannot but recal to it the mournful recollection of him who was their founder.*

But though I have now the honour of occupying the first place in this company, I will be so bold as to say, that it is not for their losses I am afflicted; I have, myself, lost a delightful companion, and know not whether my mind may not suffer by it equally with my heart.

I have lost him who excited my emulation, whom I always saw taking the lead of me in the walks of science, who raised my doubts, and afterwards knew how to dispel them. Pardon me, gentlemen, if that self-love, which is always the companion of grief, has permitted me to speak of no other but myself. It shall not be said that I conceal my regret; and until a pen more eloquent than mine has composed his eulogy, it is right that I should delineate a few sketches.

> " Purpureos spargam flores, animamque *sepulti*
> His saltem accumulem donis—"

I shall say nothing of the birth or dignities of M. the Duke de la Force, and shall only apply myself to the painting of his character. Death sweeps away titles, possessions, and dignities; and there scarcely remains any more of an illustrious man deceased, than the faithful image which is engraven on the hearts of those who loved him.

One of the great qualities of M. the Duke de la Force was, a certain natural goodness; that virtue of humanity, which does so much honour to men; and he had it in perfection. It attached itself voluntarily, and it never left him.

He possessed great politeness; it was not a forgetfulness of his dignity, but the art of preventing the advantages it gave him from being felt by others.

Nevertheless, he well knew, occasionally, how to make a proper use of that external demeanor which belongs to the great, which

* The Duke de la Force died in Paris in 1725: he was the protector of the Academy of Bourdeaux.

they easily lay aside sometimes, but of which they cannot, without meanness, at all times, divest themselves.

He liked men of merit, generally sought them amongst men of wit, but sometimes was deceived. In his youth, the Belles Lettres only seemed suited to his taste, and he did not confine himself to an admiration of others, but was particularly fortunate in hitting off the Hudibrastic style. There remain some small performances of his, in that way, performed in this province, and at a time when the little taste that prevailed for letters made it little suspected that a great lord would apply himself to the cultivation of them.

He shortly afterwards discovered in himself a stronger relish for the Arts and Sciences, which shortly became a passion, and that passion never forsook him.

Besides the sciences, which only spring from the source of the memory, he applied himself to those for which genius alone is the proper instrument; to those into which the mind must penetrate, in which it must act, in which it must create.

The faculty of genius in the Duke de la Force was admirable; whatever he spoke was always more valuable than that which he had learned. The men of learning, who listened to him, were solicitous to hear what he said upon subjects, which he was no otherwise acquainted with than themselves. He explained things, and concealed his art in doing so; and it was easily perceived that he learned without difficulty.

Nature, which seems to have confined each man to some particular pursuit, rarely produces men of universal mind. The Duke de la Force was every thing he wished to be; and in that variety which he always presented, you would be at a loss to decide, whether you found in him a more extensive genius, or a greater multiplicity of talents.

The Duke de la Force preserved in all things a spirit of order and of method. His views were always simple and natural. It was this which made him catch at a new plan, with which great minds, by a kind of fatality, were more dazzled than any other, and which seemed to have been conceived for the express purpose of humbling them.

An air of philosophy, in a new administration, seduced persons of philosophic genius, and only revolted those who had not sufficient spirit to be deceived.

The Duke de la Force, full of zeal for the public good, was a dupe to the extent and greatness of his mind. He was in the ministry, and, charmed with a plan which spared all details, he confidently trusted to it.

We know that the error of that time was, believing that the great fortunes of individuals made the fortune of the public, and enlarged the bulk of the national capital.

In this I shall compare the Duke de la Force to those who, in an affray, of a dark night, perform exploits with which nobody is acquainted. In that time of trouble and confusion, he did an infinity of generous actions, for which the public has given him no credit. He did not distribute but strew his benefactions. This generosity increased with his opulence. He knew that the only advantage possessed by a rich and great lord was, the power of being more generous than others.

The virtue of generosity belonged properly to him; he exercised it without effort; he loved to do good, and he did it with a good grace. Presents, with him, were always covered with flowers; it seemed as if he had particular charms, and that he reserved them for those times when he had an opportunity to oblige others.

The Duke de la Force arrived at a critical period of life; for he paid the tribute of all illustrious men—he had been unfortunate. He gave up to his country even his justification. He learned from philosophy that there is not less courage in knowing how to bear injuries than misfortunes; and leaving to the public their judgments always blind, he limited himself to the consolation of seeing his disgraces respected by some faithful friends. Thus our country, which has a real right to our fortunes and our lives, sometimes exacts from us the sacrifice of our glory: thus almost all the great men amongst the Greeks and Romans suffered, without complaining, their services to be repaid by the injustice of their country.

The Duke de la Force passed the latter years of his life in a kind of retirement. He was not one of those who had occasion for the bustle of affairs to fill up the void in their souls. Philosophy offered him great occupations, a magnificent œconomy, an universal judgment. He lived in the sweets of peaceful society, surrounded by friends who honoured, always delighted to see, and were charmed to hear him. And, if the dead still retain any sensibility for things here below, may he be sensible that his memory is ever dear to us! May he see us employed in transmitting to posterity the remembrance of his rare qualities!

As we see laurels grow on the tomb of a great poet, so does the Academy seem to rise again even from the ashes of its protector. Three whole years have elapsed since we have bestowed a single crown; and, finding that the learned shewed less application, we began to think that they lost the confidence they before reposed in

our judgments. This year we announced three prizes, and two of them have been bestowed.

Of all the dissertations we have had, *on the cause and virtue of baths*, not one has merited the suffrages of the Academy. With regard to those made *on the cause of thunder*; two have deserved, and two have divided our attention. The victorious author has a rival who, but for him, would have deserved to conquer, and whose work could not fail of being honoured with our praises.

THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF DUELLING.

It appears that a duel was allowed to plaintiff and defendant, in causes that could not be decided otherwise. This method was so generally made use of, to terminate the differences between noblemen, that even ecclesiastics and monks were not dispensed from the observance of it. But lest they should pollute with blood, hands dedicated to the offering of a pure sacrifice, they were obliged to get a man to fight in their stead. None were excused the observance of this cruel and extravagant law, but women, the sick, the maimed, young persons under twenty, and old men above sixty. It was ordered at first, in all causes, as well criminal as civil; and afterwards confined to those cases which related to honour, or to a capital crime. This custom came from the north: the Burgundians had erected it into a law; and the French adopted it at their entrance into Gaul. Religion and reason long made useless efforts to bring about its abrogation; it supported itself during almost twelve centuries, in spite of the thunders of the Vatican. Some are of opinion that the combat between Tarnac and Chataigneraie, before Henry the Second, was the last famous duel fought in France by public authority: this is a mistake; for we read in the history of the nobility of the county of Venaissin, that Honore d'Albert, Lord of Luines, fought in an inclosure at the wood of Vincennes, in the presence of King Charles the Ninth, and his whole court, against Captain Panier, who reproached him with the suspicion that was entertained of him, in the affair of Mole and Coconas. The champion of Luines had the whole honour of the combat; he killed his enemy, whom a thousand valiant actions had rendered formidable. The form of this extraordinary procedure deserves the attention of the curious, and suggests strange reflections upon human caprice. The accuser and the accused threw down a pledge, which the judge took up: this was most commonly a glove. Immediately hereupon the two com-

batants were sent to prison, or closely guarded. After this, they could make no accommodation, without the consent of the judge. It was the lord of high jurisdiction that fixed the day for the duel, assigned the field, and furnished the combatants with arms. Whilst they were carried to the field, with fifes playing, and trumpets sounding, a priest blest them with great ceremony. The combat began by the lie being given and returned on both sides. By insensible degrees, the parties grew mild; and, forgetting that they were going to cut each other's throats, they repeated some pious prayers, made open profession of their faith, and then engaged. Victory decided the innocence of the conqueror, or the validity of the right he supported. It is thus that the representation between grandchildren and uncles is become a fundamental law in Germany. The champion who supported it had the advantage when Otho the First was emperor. We, however, see an example to the contrary in the annals of Spain. The minds of men were divided with regard to the Roman and Mozarabic ritual, nobody knowing to which the preference was due: two champions were accordingly nominated; he that entered the lists for the Mozarabic ritual was conqueror; yet the Roman ritual prevailed. The punishment of the conquered was the same that was incurred by the person accused, if convicted. The champion vanquished underwent the same fate. They were both ignominiously dragged out of the camp, and either hanged upon a gibbet, or burned, according to the enormity of the crime.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Strength of Memory.—This seems to have been a quality highly esteemed among the Romans, Pliny often mentioning it when he draws the characters of his friends, as in the number of their most shining talents. And Quintilian considers it as the measure of genius; tautum ingenii, says he, quantum memoriæ. The extraordinary perfection in which some of the ancients are said to have possessed this useful faculty is almost incredible. Our author speaks, in a former letter, of a Greek philosopher of his acquaintance, who, after having delivered a long harangue extempore, would immediately repeat it again, without losing a single word. Seneca says, he could, in his youth, repeat two thousand names exactly in the same order they were read to him; and that by the strength of his memory, the audience who attended the same professor with him-

self, would each of them give him a verse, which he would instantly repeat, beginning with the last, and so on to the first, to the amount of two hundred. He tells a pleasant story upon this occasion of a certain poet, who having recited a poem in public, a person who was present claimed it for his own, and in proof of its being so, repeated it word for word, which the real author was not capable of doing. Numberless instances might be collected from the ancients to the same purpose; to mention only a few more: it is said of Themistocles, that he made himself master of the Persian language in a year's time; of Mithridates, that he understood as many languages as he commanded nations, that is, no less than twenty-two; of Cyrus, that he retained the name of every single soldier in his army. But the finest compliment that ever was paid to a good memory, is what Tully says of Julius Cæsar in his oration for Ligarius, that "he never forgot any thing but an injury."

Knowledge of Books.—Pliny, speaking of the influence which our reading has upon our taste and manners, thinks it improper "to call a man well read, who reads many authors; since he must of necessity have more ill models than good; and be more stuffed with bombast, ill fancy, wry thought, than filled with solid sense and just imagination." [Character v. 1. 142.] When the Goths over-ran Greece, the libraries escaped their destruction, by a notion which some of their leaders industriously propagated among them, that it would be more for their interest to leave those spoils untouched to their enemies, as being proper to enervate their minds, and amuse them with vain and idle speculations. Truth, perhaps, has been less a gainer by this multiplicity of books than error: and it may be a question, whether the excellent models which have been delivered down to us from antiquity, together with those few which modern times have produced, by any means balance the immoderate weight which must be thrown into the opposite scale of writers. The truth is, though we may be learned by other men's reflections, wise we can only be by our own: and the maxim here recommended by Pliny, would well deserve the attention of the studious, though no other inconvenience attended the reading of many books, than that which Sir William Temple apprehends from it; the lessening the force and growth of a man's own genius.

J. S.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

DEAR SIR, *W. U. July* 15, 1793.

WITHIN these few days I have received, by favour of Miss Knapps,* your acceptable present of Chapman's translation of the Iliad. I know not whether the book be a rarity, but a curiosity it certainly is.† I have as yet seen but little of it, enough however to make me wonder that any man, with so little taste for Homer, or apprehension of his manner, should think it worth while to undertake the laborious task of translating him; the hope of pecuniary advantage may perhaps account for it. His information I fear was not much better than his verse, for I have consulted him in one passage of some difficulty, and find him giving a sense of his own not at all warranted by the words of Homer. Pope sometimes does this, and sometimes omits the difficult part entirely.‡ I can boast of having done neither, though it has cost me infinite pains to exempt myself from the necessity.

I have seen a translation by Hobbes, which I prefer for its greater clumsiness. Many years have passed since I saw it, but it made me laugh immoderately. Poetry that is not good, can only make amends for that deficiency by being ridiculous; and because the translation of Hobbes has at least this recommendation, I shall be obliged to you, should it happen to fall in your way, if you would

* Of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, where Cowper's correspondent had the happiness of meeting Lady Hesketh, a lady whose accomplishments excited admiration, and whose virtues have secured indelible respect. Toward the author of the Task, her conduct was *angelic*. She devoted herself, with pious perseverance, to the guardian office of watching over his darkened hours, during the melancholy visitation he experienced in 1794 and 5, when she was compelled to retreat to Bath, for the relief of an agitated mind and the restoration of a weakened frame. The same trying office then devolved on the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who fulfilled its lengthened duties with a similar sanctity of affection.

† That Mr. Cowper should not have seen Chapman's version of Homer before the publication of his own, may create a momentary surprise in the minds of critical enquirers, especially as our poetical historian had pronounced that Pope was 'no careless reader of his rude predecessor:' but Cowper had probably resolved that his translation should not stand indebted to any adventitious aid, and this resolution enabled him more faithfully to make 'Mæonides our own.'

‡ Warton's general opinion of Chapman's obsolete version seems to accord with that of Cowper; yet while the former remarks that Chapman 'frequently retrenches or impoverishes what he could not feel and express,' he admits that the antiquated

be so kind as to procure it for me. The only edition of it I ever saw (and perhaps there never was *another) was a very thick 12mo. both print and paper bad, a sort of book that would be sought in vain perhaps any where but on a stall.

When you saw Lady Hesketh, you saw the relation of mine with whom I have been more intimate, even from childhood, than any other. She has seen much of the world, understands it well, and having great natural vivacity, is of course one of the most agreeable companions.

I have now arrived almost at a close of my labours on the Iliad, and have left nothing behind me, I believe, which I shall wish to alter on any future occasion. In about a fortnight or three weeks I shall begin to do the same for the Odyssey, and hope to be able to perform it while the Iliad is in printing. Then Milton will demand all my attention, and when I shall find opportunity either to revise your MSS. or to write a poem of my own which I have in contemplation,† I can hardly say. Certainly not till both these tasks are accomplished.

I remain, dear Sir,

With many thanks for your kind present,

Sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

versifier was 'not always without strength or spirit.' By Anton, in his Philosophical Satires, 1616, he was characterised as

" Greeke-thund'ring Chapman, beaten to the age,
" With a deepe furie and a sollid rage ;"

and from the epigrams of Davies and Freeman, who were also contemporaries with Chapman, it appears that he was regarded with veneration by the poets of his day, not less perhaps on account of his moral than his literary character : for Wood describes him as 'a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate,' and Oldys records (in his MS. notes on Langbaine) that he was 'shy of loose and vain associates, and preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoaking taper.'--Had Chapman translated the Iliad in blank verse, says bishop Percy, like his poem on Guiana, it had been one of our chief classic performances.

* In this supposition Mr. Cowper was mistaken. Wood, in his Athenæ, records an edition of the Iliad in 1675, of the Odyssey in 1677, and there was a re-impression of both in 1686; but the poetry of Hobbes, as his biographer observes, " was below criticism, and has been long exploded." New Biog. Dict.

† This poem was "The Four Ages," a subject suggested by the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, and intended to include the four distinct periods of life, infancy, youth, manhood, and old age: but a brief fragment only was composed, and is given in Mr. Hayley's depot of Cowper's Parnassian reliques, vol. ii. p 173. Yet Cowper earnestly looked forward to the accomplishment of this favourite scheme, and thus expressed himself concerning it, in a letter dated June 20, 1793, " The utmost that I aspire to, and Heaven knows with how feeble a hope, is to write, at some better opportunity, and when my hands are free, *The Four Ages*." Ut supra, p. 133.

A FRAGMENT.

———SHE trembled as she met the eye of Lewson—she was confused and embarrassed—she gazed for a minute on his features, with an anxious and eager curiosity, and suddenly exclaiming, "It is! it is!" she dropped down into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Good heaven," said Lewson, who had a confused recollection of her person, "What can this mean?"—"What can this mean!" echoes Mordant, "why, to bubble you out of your money. Pish! can't you see through these stale tricks? When the wax is evidently soft, can we wonder that Imposture should endeavour to stamp dupe upon it?"—"Would to heaven," returned Apitus, "that the rude impression of brutality were stamped on nothing more durable!"

"Do you not," said the wretched visitant, "remember Miss L****y?"—"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lewson, "Miss L****y!"—"I was once that favoured child of gaiety and affluence," said she; "But oh! what am I now!" Then, after a pause—"Oh father! husband! stepdame!" exclaimed she, "and oh! worst of all, my own imprudent heart!"

Lewson was pierced to the soul; he felt a kind of mingled perturbation, anxiety, and curiosity, an indescribable sensation, painful indeed, and exquisitely sad, but dearer to the expanded heart than all the joys of grandeur and of sense. Even Mordant listened, with a malignant sneer, while she briefly related her affecting story,

"My father," said the poor unfortunate, "was, as you know, Sir, an eminent barrister, and, at the time when I had the honour of meeting you at his friend J———'s, had attained such opulence by his profession, as enabled him to enjoy every species of luxury. Shortly after this he married Lady N———, who, though she seemed to have a disinterested affection for my father, always treated me with the most mortifying cruelty and contempt. O fatal persecution! to which, alas! I owe all my present misery. My father, however, infatuated by the charms and accomplishments of this second wife, and not a little vain of her rank, yielded himself and his family implicitly to her dominion, and seemed to think the sacrifice of his daughter's peace no more than a proper return, to one who had brought to his arms title, elegance, and fashion. Thus persecuted by her who had usurped from me the dominion of my father's house, and neglected by him to whom I owed my wretched existence, the only minutes of tranquillity I enjoyed were those I spent in my own apartments, with my music master.

"Young and inexperienced as I was, can it be wondered, that an insinuating youth, with whom I spent my only cheerful hours, and who instructed me in the only art that could charm to sweet forgetfulness the anguish of my mind, should make too tender an impression on a susceptible heart. In short, he professed, and I really felt, the most pure and generous affection; and I consented to elope with the basest, the most inhuman of his sex.

"Though my father had not tenderness enough to protect his daughter from patrician insult at home, he had still pride enough to resent her having sought a plebeian protector abroad. As soon, therefore, as he heard of my marriage, he forbad me the house; and the arts of my cruel stepdame prevailed on him to resolve on seeing me no more---a resolution which he too cruelly kept. But, peace to his soul—for oh! he was still my father. Tax him not, O heaven! with my afflictions, nor remember his transgressions, as he remembered mine. Oh! Mr. Lewson, he is no more. Four years since he died, and left me---cruel! cruel!—a wanton's legacy (so he termed it)—a shilling. But, alas! the worst is still untold:---My husband! cruel stars!---is there no truth—no generosity—no pity in the heart of man? Must the poor credulous female, who sacrifices all to love, meet in return desertion---treachery—ruin? But oh! deceitful perjurer!—wherever thou fliest to shun the cries of that want, which, for thy dear—accursed sake, I endure, may the keenest pangs of my misery reach thee, and transfix thy savage heart.

"I will not relate to you, Sir, the gradations of distress by which I was reduced to what you see, nor harrow your soul by recounting the cruel taunts with which my haughty stepdame and inhuman husband answered my unavailing petitions. My education disqualified me from earning a subsistence. I endeavoured to drown my anguish, by appealing to a practice which soon became habitual—intoxication. My soul became as degraded as my condition, and no resources presented themselves but begging or prostitution, to the former of which I sunk by imperceptible gradations."

"Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Lewson, "you chose not the latter. Thy wants shall be relieved, and the tongue that sued shall supplicate no more; but who shall restore to the soul of venal licentiousness its wonted purity, or bid the modest blush tinge once more the cheek of polluted beauty?"

* * *

MELVILLE.

FACETIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

From the "Sack-full of Newes:"

A black-letter Collection of Jests and Waggeries.

THERE was a Fryer in London, which did use to go often to the house of an old woman; but ever when he came to her house, she hid all the meat she had. On a time, this Fryer came to her house, (bringing certain company with him) and demanded of the wife, if she had any meat? She said, "Nay." "Well, quoth the Fryer, have you not a whetstone?" "Yea, quod the woman, what will you do with it?" "Marry, quod he, I would make meat thereof." Then she brought a whetstone. He asked her likewise, if she had not a frying pan? "Yea, said she, but what the divil will ye do therewith?" "Marry, said the Fryer, you shall see by and by what I will do with it." And when he had the pan, he set it on the fire, and put the whetstone therein. "Cocks body, said the woman, you will burn the pan." "No, no, quod the Fryer, if you will give me some eggs, it wil not burn at all." But she would have the pan from him, when that she saw it in daunger: yet he would not let her, but still urged her to fetch him some eggs; which she did. "Tush, said the Fryer, here are not enow: go fetch ten or twelve." So the good wife was constrayned to fetch more, for feare lest the pan should burn. And when he had them he put them in the pan.—"Now, quod he, if you have no butter, the pan will burn and the eggs too." So the good wife, being very loth to have her pan burnt and her eggs lost, she fetcht him a dish of butter; the which he put into the pan, and made good meat thereof, and brought it to the table, saying, "Much good may it do you, my masters, now may you say, you have eaten a buttered whetstone." Whereat all the company laughed; but the woman was exceeding angry, because the Fryer had subtilly beguiled her of her meat.

THERE was a priest in the country, which had christned a child, and when he had christned it, he and the clark were bidden to the drinking that should be there, and thither they went with other people, and being there, the priest drank and made so merry, that he was quite foxed, and thought to go home before he laid him down to sleep: but having gone a little way, he grew so

* Licensed, says Warton, to John Kynge; who died before 1562, according to Herbert. It is mentioned in Laneham's letter to Master Humphrey Martin, 1575. See Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, vol. i. The discovery of any extant copy of this book, had long been a desideratum with the late Mr. Ritson.

drowsie, that he could go no further, but laid him down by a ditch side, so that his feet did hang in the water, and lying on his back, the moon shined in his face. Thus he lay till the rest of the company came from drinking, who, as they came home, found the priest lying as aforesaid: and they thought to get him away; but do what they could he would not rise, but said—"Do not meddle with me, for I lie very well, and will not stir hence before morning; but I pray lay some more cloathes on my feet, and blow out the candle, and let me lie and take my rest."

A CERTAIN butcher was flaying a calf at night, and had stuck a lighted candle upon his head, because he would be the quicker about his business, and when he had done, he thought to take the same candle to light him to bed: but he had forgot where he had set it, and sought about the house for it, and all the while it stuck in his cap upon his head, and lighted him in seeking it. At the last, one of his fellows came and asked him, what he sought for? "Marry, quoth he, I look for the candle which I did flay the calf withal." "Why, thou fool, quod he, thou hast a candle in thy cap:"—and then he felt towards his cap, and took away the candle burning; whereat there was great laughing, and he mocked for his labour, as he was well worthy.

S. K.

SUSPICION AND JEALOUSY.

No two passions can be more distinct than Suspicion and Jealousy. One is the offspring of a narrow and brutal mind, and may be entirely unconnected with love. The other is a certain proof of a most violent and unreasonable passion, and may exist in a mind naturally the least inclined to suspicion, as our great poet has shewn in the character of Othello. So far only do these passions appear to be connected, that, in the same circumstances, a temper naturally suspicious will be most likely to be susceptible of jealousy.

It is a common observation, that jealousy before marriage is a proof of love, and afterwards of an ill opinion of the woman, or at best of a suspicious temper: but this arises from confounding the effects of suspicion and jealousy. A suspicion founded on the natural disposition, and unmixed with love, can hardly exist in the lover's breast before marriage; it would induce him to quit his mistress. But such a suspicion may be entertained afterwards, when love possibly has ceased, and the blending these by an unskilful

hand, in imitative poetry, has given rise to the supposed mixture of the passions.

It is lucky, perhaps, sometimes for domestic quiet, that the idea that a want of jealousy after marriage arises from confidence in the wife's virtue, is so generally received. For if jealousy before marriage be a proof (and undoubtedly it is) of a most violent passion, the cessation of it, after marriage, is as much a proof of its cessation. Happy is it, therefore, for the husband, that his wife imputes his total disregard of what she does, and where she goes, only to an implicit reliance on her fidelity and discretion.

I do conceive (absurd and savage as the notion may appear to the liberal-minded sons of modern gallantry) that no man who possessed a beautiful wife, and whose passion for her was not extinct, would like to surrender the possession of her to a young, handsome, and agreeable man, for a whole night, in that degree which is the consequence of his being her partner in country dances. He may entertain no doubt either of her love, her prudence, or her chastity; but could he wish to put either in a hazardous situation? No wise man would leave a candle burning on a floor when he went to bed; for though the odds possibly may be a thousand to one against his house being burnt by it, yet, as houses are burned from slighter acts of negligence, common prudence revolts against the experiment.

Besides, the man who feels an ardent passion for a woman (let a lover contradict me if he can) like Othello, will not choose to keep even

> "A corner in the thing he loves
> "For others' uses."

There are gradations in enjoyment, as well as in every thing else.

> "*Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*"

There are many liberties extremely pleasant to take with a beautiful woman, without proceeding to extremities.

> Eϛι και εν κενεοισι φιλαμασι αδεα τερψις.

Now, though the cushion dance is laid aside, still certain manœuvres are practised in country dancing, that are as applicable to the word φιληματα, as the contact of lips; and which, practised with a wife in her husband's company, on any other occasion, would put him in a very awkward situation, even if he had no acquaintance with "the green-eyed monster." And why these should be less disagreeable because performed to the tune of Nancy Dawson, I have never been able to discover.

H. J. P.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. ROBERT PALMER.

With a Portrait.

THIS gentleman, who, we believe, with the exception of Mr. Packer and Miss Pope, is the performer of longest standing in Drury-lane theatre, was born in Banbury-court, Long-acre, in the month of September, 1757. His father, Robert Palmer, had served his country in Germany, under the Marquis of Granby; and by his good conduct, acquired the favour of his lordship, who, when the war terminated, recommended him to Mr. Garrick, and he was made one of the box-door keepers of the theatre; to which were annexed some other appendages, that made his latter days easy, after the fatigues of war. In this situation he conciliated the esteem of his superiors, and verified the saying of the poet:

" Honour or shame from no condition rise:
" Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

Robert, the more immediate object of our present notice, received the rudiments of education, in a school kept by a Mr. Avarello, at Brook Green, Hammersmith; from which he was brought to town, at the early age of six years, by Mr. Garrick's desire, to appear as *Mustard-seed*, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. Our young actor's employment, for some time, was as page, to support the trains of Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Yates, and other tragedy heroines of the day; but he was afterwards promoted to the superior rank of *Page* to Polydore in *The Orphan*.

As his destination now seemed to be the stage as a profession, his education was not to be neglected. He was, therefore, kept closely at a school, then under a Mr. Dick, in Hart Street, Covent Garden, and was, at the same time, articled as a pupil to Grimaldi the dancer.

His first entrée as an efficient actor, was, we believe, at Canterbury, in the summer of 1773, being then sixteen years of age; and in the character of *'Squire Richard*, in *The Provoked Husband*. What other parts he undertook at that time we know not; but he was favoured with a salary of twelve shillings per week. On his return, he passed the winter at his father's house, wholly unemployed. In the following summer, 1774, he went to Birmingham, and was entered of Mr. Yates's company, at fifteen shillings.

In the autumn of 1774, Robert came to London; and Mr. Garrick, " to prevent (as he said) Bob's getting bad habits by strolling

in the country," desired that he might stay in town, and make himself useful at the theatre; promising to make him a compliment at the end of the season. His employment was chiefly in dances and pantomimes; and at the close of the season, Mr. Garrick ordered him four pounds nineteen shillings, which was paid to his father; and appeared to amount, upon calculation, to nearly one shilling for each of his performances.

In the summer of 1775, Mr. Foote engaged him at a salary of a guinea-and-half per week; and he made his debût at the little theatre, as *James*, in *The Bankrupt*, of which Lamash was the original performer. He had never before had a settled engagement in London; and now, considering himself as setting out for life, he resolved, by attention and diligence, to deserve credit, if he could not hope to achieve fame.

Dicky Drugget was the first new character that was given to him; and he performed it in such a manner, as to gain the approbation of the audience, and the praise of his manager. This also led to his establishment at Drury-lane.

The season 1776-7, was that in which the new proprietors of Drury-lane theatre (Messrs. Sheridan, Ford, &c.) commenced their operations; and by them our hero was engaged at one pound a-week; but, though at the Haymarket he had figured away as *Sir James Elliot*, *Sir George Wealthy*, *Razor*, *&c.* he found his talents seldom employed at Drury in a higher sphere than delivering or receiving messages. The season following, though his salary was advanced to one pound ten shillings, and in the subsequent one, to three pounds, his duty was not made much more respectable: he still remained in the back-ground, though (with the exception of 1792 at the Haymarket, and 1793-4 at Drury-lane, during which time he was in Scotland) he has been regularly engaged in both companies, from that to the present time.

That his talents, if not of the very highest class, were even then capable of better service than they were usually employed in, was evinced by an accidental occurrence, in 1782; when, during the temporary absence of Mr. Lee Lewes, he was borrowed by the manager of Covent Garden, to play the part of *Sparkle*, in *Which is the Man?* Though under the disadvantage of following so favourite a performer, the audience flattered our hero with very liberal applause.

In the season of 1783-4, another accident placed Mr. R. Palmer in a situation to the full as irksome, as the one we have just mentioned was pleasant to him. On some account it was found neces-

sary, at Drury-lane, at a very short notice, to change the play from that which was announced by the bills. *The Lord of the Manor* was the substitute; but here a new difficulty arose; Miss Farren was ill, and Mr. John Palmer not to be found. In this dilemma, Miss Collet was called upon to read for the lady, and R. Palmer for his brother. Unluckily, the play had never been published, and the house contained but a single MS. copy of it. Our hero and Miss Collet, then, with each a candle in their hand, were to use this book alternately. She read, curtsied, and handed him the book; he read, bowed, and returned it: at length, coming to a passage that had been pretty much interlined (we believe in Mr. Sheridan's hand writing) Mr. Palmer could not proceed. The audience hissed most violently: and Palmer, for his justification, found it necessary to request that the book might be handed to any gentleman in the pit. The person who took it, having looked at the part, stood on the seat, and declared to the house that he conceived it to be absolutely illegible. On this, the book was returned; the passage passed over; the audience loudly applauded, and they went on, till the third act; when John Palmer, having entered the house to dress for the farce, resumed his part; Robert took up the character of Crimp, which was regularly assigned to him; and the piece was concluded.

But the new characters that remained to give him a more permanent estimation in the public mind, were, *Sir Harry Harmless*, in *I'll tell You What*, *Prompt*, in *the Heiress*, and *Skipwell*, in *Tit for Tat*.

From that time Mr. Palmer has rapidly gained on the public favour. When his brother John withdrew to open the Royalty Theatre, his part of *Joseph Surface* was offered to Mr. Bensley, and afterwards to Mr. Brereton, but declined by them both; and Robert Palmer was the first person who performed it after the favourite original. To this succeeded *Sir Harry Beagle*, in *The Jealous Wife;* and by the decease of Dodd, the secession of Moody, and the lamented death of his brother John, a variety of other characters have fallen to his lot. His reputation has been still further increased by his successful performance of the very difficult character of *Falstaff.*

Those who have the pleasure of knowing him in private life, report him to be highly gifted with companionable qualities, having been all his theatrical life a close observer, and having stored his mind with an almost inexhaustible fund of histrionic anecdote.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

BY

" A FRIEND TO DOGS, FOR THEY ARE HONEST CREATURES,
" AND NE'ER BETRAY THEIR MASTERS." Otway.

Mr. Editor,

A *wooden horse* proved the destruction of Troy; a *live dog* is likely to prevent that of Drury-Lane theatre. *Carlo* is the Roscius who promises to rival Garrick in attraction, and to bear away the palm from the most powerful of his two-footed competitors in the service of the tragic and comic Muses. The admiration which the performances of this animal have excited in the theatre, and the conversation he has occasioned out of it, will justify my troubling you with the following instances of sagacity and sensibility in the canine species, for which, if you think with me, that '*dogs should have their day,*' you will perhaps find room in some part of your miscellany.

"Histories, (says Pope, in a letter to H. Cromwell, Esq.) are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends; but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemed books, sacred and prophane, extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have shewn a particular regard to those animals. That of Tobit is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses' dog, Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca, when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return, after twenty years, which, by the way, is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died. You shall have it in verse.

Argus.

' When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs;
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed;

Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay:
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet;
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

"Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens, in the time of Themistocles, steps back again, out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master* across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains,) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence; and it being, on all hands, agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) he has all the good-nature of the other, without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will end my discourse of dogs."

The sensibility of Xantippus's dog is equalled by the sagacity of another, to which Plutarch affirms he was himself an eye-witness. Being once on ship-board, he observed a jar which was about half filled with oil. A dog was very desirous of paying his addresses to the contents; but the oil was too low in the vessel for him to get at it. The seamen were all engaged different ways, and the dog, willing to make the most of the favourable opportunity, took up, successively, a number of stones which were stowed in that part of

* Xantippus.

the ship, and, dropping them one by one into the jar, the oil at last rose within his reach, and he lapped as much of it as he pleased. "I was astonished," says Plutarch, "by what means the dog could know that the immission of heavier substances would cause the lighter substances to ascend."

The following incidents are equally striking.* The dead body of a Roman soldier, who had been killed in a domestic tumult, was carefully watched and guarded by his dog, who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, happening to pass that way, took notice of so striking a spectacle, and enquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain three days before, and that the dog, in all that time, had neither stirred from the body, nor taken any food, the king ordered the corpse to be interred, and the dog to be taken care of, and brought to him. The creature soon grew fond of Pyrrhus, who, shortly after, ordering his forces to be mustered, the soldiers passed before him in review. During this ceremony, the dog, for some time, lay quietly at his feet; until seeing those soldiers march by, who had murdered his late master, he sprang at them, with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself to Pyrrhus, with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison, on suspicion of having committed the crime with which the dog seemed to charge them. Being strictly examined, they confessed themselves guilty, and were accordingly executed.

The temple of Æsculapius, at Athens, was furnished with many rich ornaments and utensils of gold and silver. A robber, who was desirous of paying his compliments to some of this wealth, accomplished his design with such art and secresy, that he supposed all discovery of the offender to be impossible. A dog, indeed, belonging to some of those whose office it was to watch the temple, had done his duty, by barking incessantly; but the sextons either did not, or would not, take the alarm. The honest animal, faithful and steady to his purpose, pursued the thief, who in vain attempted to keep him at bay. He pelted him with stones, but the dog still followed. He tried to bribe him, by throwing him pieces of meat; but the dog refused to touch them. The pursuer still kept the criminal in view, nor lost sight of him until he had watched him to his place of habitation, (which was at some distance from Athens,) where he posted himself, as centinel, at the door. Whenever the culprit ventured from home, Cipparus (for so the dog was

* From Plutarch.

called) still haunted him. The news of the robbery was soon made public, but the robber still remained undetected, until information being given that Cipparus, the temple dog, was at such a place, and perpetually harassing such a person, though fawning on every body else; proper officers were dispatched, who took the suspicious man into custody. While they were conducting him to examination, the dog, conscious of the distinguished part he had borne in bringing the miscreant to justice, ran before them all the way, jumping, and giving every demonstration of joy. The Athenian people recompensed the zeal, faithfulness, and assiduity of Cipparus, by assigning him to the care of the priests who officiated in the Æsculapian temple, and by voting him a supply, from the public stores, for his maintenance.

Who can withhold his respect for the Hyrcanian dog, who, when he saw his master's corpse burning on the funeral pile, jumped into the flames, and was consumed with it? Or to the dog of one Pyrrhus (not the king) who gave his deceased master the same testimony of affection?

I must not pass over the remarkable duel between a person of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this duel are to be found in father Montfaucon.*

"A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who, with uncommon rage, attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought, the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days."

* World, No. 113.

S. Muller, in his *Voyages from Asia to America* [London 1762] describes a particular kind of dogs at Kamtschatki, which did the laborious duties of horses and oxen. "On the east side of the country of Kamtschatki, towards the sea, there lives a people who keep no other sort of beasts but dogs; which, though they are but of a common size, are remarkable, in that they have hair of six inches long. In 1718, a certain Waiwode travelling in a sledge with twelve dogs, towards the city of Beresowa, got himself wrapped up in warm quilts, and girt fast in the sledge, in order to secure him from the severity of the cold, and to prevent his falling out in case the sledge should overturn. The Ostiack, who was his guide, skaited along side of him, according to custom, in case the sledge should overturn, to raise it up again, and coming on a large plain, where the ground is generally covered man's depth with snow, the dogs, (which the Ostiacks also use for hunting) espying a fox at a distance, immediately flew in pursuit of their game, and ran away with the Waiwode with such swiftness, that it was impossible for the guide to keep pace with them, and they soon got out of sight. The guide followed the track, but did not come up to his passenger till the next morning, when he found him in the sledge overturned, still well wrapt up, and tightly girt into it. By good luck the stump of a tree, which stood out above the snow, had stopped the sledge, or else it might probably have cost the Waiwode his life. These dogs are able to draw great burthens, for in the year 1718 Governor Knees Mischewski ordered a whole pipe of brandy to be brought from the convent of Ketskoe, to the city of Beresowa, which was done by sixteen dogs. People never travel a nights, but only a days with dogs; in the morning, before they set out, each dog has two frozen fish, which is his allowance for the whole day. At night, when they come to their journey's end, these poor creatures are so weary that they cannot eat, but presently lie down to sleep. Whenever any passenger comes to a stage where he is to have fresh dogs, all the dogs in that village set up a most terrible howling, knowing that they are, some of them, to have the same fate."

In the *History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris,* there is the following relation of a *talking dog,* near *Zeitz,* in *Misnia.* Leibnitz bears testimony to the fact. "It is a countryman's dog, of a very common shape, and of a moderate size. A young child heard it utter some sounds, which he thought resembled some German words, and upon *this,* took it into his head to teach it

to speak. The master, who had nothing better to do, spared no time nor pains; and, luckily, the pupil had such dispositions, as it would be difficult to find again in any other. At length, after some years, the dog could pronounce about thirty words; of this number are, *tea*, *coffee*, *chocolate*, *assembly*, words that are current in all modern languages, without much variety. It is to be observed, that the dog was three years old when he was put to school. He talks only by echo, that is to say, after his master hath pronounced a word; and he seems to repeat it by constraint, and against his inclination, although not beaten. It must be likewise observed, that Mr. Leibnitz saw and heard him."

It would be unpardonable, upon a subject like this, to omit the letter of Sir John Harington to Prince Henry,* which relates such instances of sagacity, fidelity, affection, and, I may say, understanding that arises out of observation and reflection, as cannot fail to excite the admiration of the reader.

"*Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, son to King James I. concerninge his Dogge.*

"May it please your Highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I nowe offer, as hath been done aforetyme; and I may saie, *I pede fausto*: but, havinge goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more than bare verity. Althowgh I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse,† I will match my dogge‡ against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great *Prince* on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater *Princesse*§ on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladye Queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to

* From Nugæ Antiquæ. † Bucephalus. ‡ Bungey. § Queen Elizabeth.

my horse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse; after whiche he wente forthe, and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte; but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes, and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

"I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge; for, on my journie towardes Londonne, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyd him to the Spanish ambassadors, where (in a happie houre) after six weeks I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogges own proofes, and made him performe such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe; but much more, when he returnede at my commandment to the table, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewardes.—I coud dwell more on this matter, but *jubes revovare dolorem*: I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveld towardes the Bathe, he leapede on my horses necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice, than what I had observed for time backe; and, after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.

"Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to your Highnesse thought of this dogge. But, having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may finde hereafter at the close of this historie.—Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus,* or Tobite be led by that dogge† whose name doth not appear; yet coud I say such things of

* Odyssey, Lib. xvii. † Book of Tobit, Chap. v. and xi.

my *Bungey*, (for so was he styled,) as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again saie, that of all the dogges near your father's courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

"I nowe reste your Highnesse friend, in all service that maye suite him,

"JOHN HARINGTON.

"P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrams* in praise of my dogge Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellente picture, curiously limned, to remaine in my posterity.

"*Kelstone, June* 14. 1608."

I shall not insist on the vulgar notion that the howling of dogs is prophetically significant of the death of some member of a family, which, if admitted, would render them objects of still greater interest to mankind; but I will maintain that very few men have shewn a more striking proof of prudence and shrewdness than the little dog who, being attacked, while accompanying his master on a journey, by a much more powerful animal, actually brought another dog, capable of maintaining an equal contest with his antagonist, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to avenge the insult he had received. This formidable champion chastised the aggressor, and then returned home with his *protegé*, who gaily frisked his tail, in token of his satisfaction. If modern honour, Mr. Editor, would be satisfied in this way, how many valuable lives might be preserved!

I think, with this *cloud of witnesses* in their favour, the poor animals (I will not call them *dumb*, after the story of the *Misnian orator*, above related) will be exonerated from the *growling* calumny with which Dr. Johnson has aspersed their intellectual qualities, viz. "that dogs have not the power of comparing, because they will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before them."

I am, &c.

φιλοκυων.

* Lib. iii. Epig 21. See also the engraved title-page to his Ariosto, and notes on book xli.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amadis de Gaul, a Poem in three Books; freely translated from the first Part of the French Version of Nicolas de Herberay, Sieur des Essars: with Notes by William Stewart Rose, Esq. 8vo. pp. 198. Cadell.

THE conjectures we hazarded, in a former review, on the origin and general outlines of Amadis, are confirmed by Mr. Rose, in his preface to this interesting performance, who professes to have felt the claim the public had upon him, for any information respecting its original author, which industry or activity could procure. Still, however, he candidly informs us, he has little to contribute on the subject, either new or striking; and, notwithstanding the assertions of Herberay, and the apparently slight authority of Nicolà Antonio, for ascribing it to Lobeira, it must be confessed, he ventured rather on negative than positive evidence to assign it a Provençal origin.

The version before us, comprising the first book of Amadis, (with which some have thought the romance originally concluded) is divided into three parts, to each of which is subjoined a body of notes, which are written with neatness and elegance, and display considerable knowledge of the manners and customs of the middle ages.

Mr. Rose regrets that the work is not more closely translated, and thinks it necessary to apologize for having attempted to introduce "some of those trifling ornaments, which the simplest style of poetry imperiously demands." Far, however, from thinking him blameable on that score, it is our serious opinion that, if his work has a fault, it has been incurred by not sufficiently attending to Horace's maxim:

> "Nec desilies imitator in arctum,
> Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex."

And by adhering with a too scrupulous fidelity to his original.

As our readers will probably consider themselves entitled to a share of the pleasure we so amply received in its perusal, we shall present them with the following lines, which close the poem, describing the loves of Amadis and Oriana; subsequent to the release of the latter from Anelaus.

Well wist the damsel, who the succouring knight:
Yet pale and breathless with her wild affright,
Around his neck her snowy arms she threw,
And with fond transport to his bosom grew.
There first, 'tis said, in many a thrilling kiss
He took sweet earnest of a dearer bliss.
Then on his steed the lovely burthen flung,
And lightly in the lofty saddle sprung;
Clasp'd in his folding arms the blushing maid,
And urg'd his steed towards a gloomy shade.
There his faint courser's faltering vigour plains,
And with dissembled sorrow checks the reins.
Then, lighting from his sell, the damsel press't
In that choice spot to woo the sweets of rest.
With loitering steps the lovely princess stray'd
Thro' the thick covert of a shadowy glade.
On a soft bank, where flowers of various hue
Mix'd their gay tints, her dainty limbs she threw.
Soft breath'd the damsel, and refreshing sleep
Seem'd her bright eyes in balmy dew to steep:
Her arms, which all that sculptors feign, surpass'd,
With sweet neglect amidst the flowers were cast;
And, for no zephyr slack'd noon's sultry tide,
Her mantle, gay with fur, was thrown aside:
While her transparent wimple* wray'd to view
Her breast of loveliest form and fairest hue.
O'er the sweet maid the prince enamour'd hung,
Then round her waist, in speechless rapture, flung
His arms incircling; at the strict embrace,
Pass'd a soft blush across her lovely face.
Again his eager arms enfold the maid,
And his warm lips each tempting charm invade:
Broke from her heaving breast a smothered sigh,
But still soft slumber seal'd each drooping eye.
Or slept the damsel still, or paus'd the knight,
I wot not, I: woe worth the daring wight,
Who steals on Hymen's joys, and boldly wrays
Fond love's mysterious rites to vulgar gaze!
But, sooth to say, if still soft slumbers weigh'd,
The drooping eyelids of the royal maid,
A dream of more than mortal joy, I wiss,
Lapt the sweet damsel's every sense in bliss.

Two truly *Ovidian* epistles, in Latin elegiac verse, from the elegantly classical pen of the Honourable William Herbert, add, in no small degree, to the charms of this spirited production.

Poems. By Peter Bayley, Esq. 8*vo.* 7*s.* *Miller,* 1803.

THESE verses are, in many instances, very creditable to the genius of their author, but they are by no means so to his industry and

* Wimple, a covering for the neck.

attention. We do not, in such a case as the present, require the gestation of nine years, but we think that this poetical bantling, being a mere mortal conception, should at least have had the advantage of being borne *nine months* longer.

Petrarca. A Selection of Sonnets from various Authors, with an introductory Dissertation on the Origin and Structure of the Sonnet. 12mo. Baldwin.

The work before us is a selection of the best sonnets in the language, for the principal of which the editor is indebted to Lord Strangford, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Sotheby, Mr. Penn, Mr. Park, and Miss Seward. It was his wish to have enriched the volume with a few of the sonnets of Mr. Southey, but an application for the purpose, made to the publishers (in London) was not productive of success.

We shall consult the amusement of our readers, by selecting the following

Written on the Sands below Beachy-head.

BY MR. PARK.

With giant-port high towering o'er the main,
Beachy, thy cliffs in massy grandeur rise
Like some cleft castle, which with calm disdain
Still braves the outrage of inclement skies;
The daws that round thy chalky summit soar,
Are dimly seen, and feebly heard their cries,
While the hoarse tide that flows with hollow roar;
Round many a fallen crag indignant sighs,
And steeps in foam yon sable-vested chain
Of rocky terrors; England's wide defence
Against her foes; where oft th' invading Dane
Fell a stern victim to his bold pretence;
And Gaul may fly, as once Iberia fled,
Those bulwarks of our coast Omnipotence hath spread!

The "introductory dissertation" contains nothing either very new, or very interesting.

The Stranger in France; or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings, in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. 1l. 1s. 0d. Large Paper, 1l. 11s. 6d. Johnson. London. 1803. (Continued from Page 331.)

Among other curiosities of Paris, Mr. Carr notices the celebrated Madame Recamier, who excited so much admiration, not unmixed with some popular clamour, a short time since, in this coun-

try. After relating a few secret anecdotes respecting this lady, he mentions her magnificent bed.

"It is a superb sofa, raised upon a pedestal, the ascent to which is by a flight of cedar steps; on each side are altars, on which are placed Herculaneum vases of flowers, and a large antique lamp of gold; the back of the bed is formed by an immense pier glass, and the curtains, which are of the most costly muslin, festooned with golden tassels, descend in beautiful drapery from a floral crown of gold."

Mr. Carr gives a description also of Tivoli, a favourite place of amusement with the Parisians, Frescati, the fashionable promenade at the conclusion of the opera; the courts of justice; the national library; the Gobelines; the hall of the Legislative Assembly; and the English convent, or, as it is called, the convent of blue nuns, in the Rue de St. Victoire, the only establishment of the kind throughout the republic which has survived the revolution.—This convent, in the reign of terror, was converted into a prison for the female nobility. It was here that the duchess de Biron and her mother were immured, whose fate stands recorded as one of the most signal and savage atrocities which marked the bloody career of Robespierre.

"Amongst those who suffered was the beautiful young Duchesse de Biron, said to be one of the loveliest women of the French court. Her fate was singular and horrible. One morning, two of the assistant executioners came into one of the rooms, and called upon the female citizen Biron to come forward, meaning the old Duchesse de Biron, the mother, who was here immured with her daughter; some one said, 'Which of them do you require?' The hell-hounds replied, 'Our order was for one only, but, as there are two, we will have both, that there may be no error.' The mother and daughter were taken away, locked senseless in each other's arms. When the cart which carried them arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the chief executioner looked at his paper, which contained a list of his victims, and saw the name of only one Biron; the assistants informed him that they found two of that name in the convent, and, to prevent mistake, they had brought both. The principal, with perfect sang froid, said it was all well, wrote with a pencil the article 'les,' before the name Biron, to which he added an s, and immediately beheaded both!!!"

Of course Mr. Carr did not fail to visit the *Temple*, a building which it is impossible to name without shuddering, from its having been the scene of so many horrible excesses, and which, if *they* had not distinguished it in the bloody annals of the revolution, must be an object of peculiar interest to Englishmen, as the prison from which one of the greatest ornaments of the British Navy made so remarkable an escape. Of the particulars of this singular event, there is a most interesting, original, and, we have reason to believe, authentic relation, in the volume before us, which we mean to in-

sert a length in our next number, our limits not affording us sufficient room for it this month; we shall therefore content ourselves with transcribing an anecdote of a French officer, to whom Mr. Carr had letters of introduction, Captain Bergeret, a man whose conduct in the mission in which he was employed did him the hishest honour, and rendered him very justly dear to the immortal hero of *St. Jean D'Acre.*

"It will be immediately remembered that this distinguished hero, in the Virginie, displayed the most undaunted courage, when she was engaged by Sir Edward Pellew in the Indefatigable, to whose superior prowess and naval knowledge, he was obliged to strike the tri-coloured flag. His bravery and integrity have justly entitled him to the admiration and lasting friendship of his noble conqueror, and to the esteem of the British nation. When Sir Sidney was confined in the Temple, and Captain Bergeret a prisoner in England, the latter was sent to France upon his parole, to endeavour to effect the exchange of Sir Sidney.--- The French government, which was then under the direction of some of the basest and meanest of her tyrants, refused to listen to the proposal, and at the same time resisted the return of their own countryman.

"The gallant Bergeret was resolved to preserve his word of honour unsullied, or to perish in the attempt. Finding all his efforts to obtain the liberation of the illustrious captive unavailing, menaced with death if he departed, and invited by promised command and promotion if he remained, he contrived to quit his own country by stealth, and returned, a voluntary exile, to his generous and confiding conquerors."

English Exercises adapted to Murray's English Grammar: designed for the Benefit of private Learners, as well as for the Use of Schools. Also a Key to the Exercises adapted to the above Grammar: calculated to enable private Learners to become their own Instructors in Grammar and Composition. By Lindley Murray. Bound together in one Volume. 8vo. 4s. *Longman and Rees, &c.* 1803.

Six editions of this work having been bought up with avidity, and this, the seventh, having been urgently called for, we are left without any thing to say on its merit and usefulness, that would not prove wholly superfluous. The advertisement therefore will best furnish us with every comment that is necessary to make on this publication in its present form. "Besides expunging," says Mr. Murray, "some obscure and uninteresting sentences; inserting a number of examples adapted to the latest improvements in the grammar; and adding to the syntax many useful exercises; he has subjoined to the part designed to promote *perspicuous and accurate writing*, a whole chapter (twelve pages) of promiscuous exercises peculiarly adapted to this subject." After this statement Mr. M.'s labours require no further recommendation.

Introduction to the English Reader, or a Selection of Pieces in Prose and Poetry, calculated to improve the younger Classes of Learners, in reading; and to imbue their Minds with the love of Virtue. With Rules and Observations for assisting Children to read with Propriety. By Lindley Murray. Second Edition, enlarged and improved. Longman and Rees, &c. 8vo. 1803.

The compiler has added to this edition of his book, more than twenty pages of matter, and his hope that it "will be found useful and interesting," will, we doubt not, be realized to his profit.

Abridgment of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix containing Exercises in Parsing, in Orthography, in Syntax, and in Punctuation, designed for the younger Classes of Learners. By Lindley Murray. Ninth Edition. Longman and Rees. 12mo. 1803.

This little manual has experienced an accession of 18 pages—*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, may be said of other abridgments, but with as small a share of truth in the present instance, as in any we ever witnessed.

Nature, or a Picture of the Passions; to which is prefixed an Essay on Novel Writing. By J. Byerley. 4 Vols. 16s. Highley. 1804.

Mr. Byerley's ingenious publication is dedicated to George Brewer, Esq. with this remark, which is more interesting than clear: "To you, Sir, I owe much; actuated by the purest principles of generosity, you relieved the child of misfortune; and, in some measure, restored him to those blessings of which a fatal compliance with the rules *(of)* false honour had deprived him."

The *Essay on Novel Writing* which precedes the work itself is, with the objection of being rather too declamatory, replete with sensible and judicious remarks. We warmly recommend it to the perusal of all those who are ambitious of a place on the shelves of circulating libraries, as containing the advice which they have long been in need of, or shamefully neglected.

"Nature, or a picture of the passions," says Mr. B. in his advertisement, "was written about three years ago, when the author was only nineteen years of age." Viewed in this light the work exhibits an uncommon portion of the knowledge of human nature, of genius, and good writing. Added to these qualities we may safely use Mr. B.'s own words in commendation of it, and say, "that it does not contain a single line offensive to religion, morality, or the strictest virtue."

Some little affectation we observed in the style, as in the phrases, "the limit where the *decrement* of virtue equalled the *increment* of

vice," and "the *abyme* of misery," but these are trifles which our duty compels us to notice, more than our inclination.

The Lyricks of Horace; comprising his Odes, Epodes, and Secular Odes in English Verse: with the Latin Text revised and subjoined. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s. White. 1803.

"The intention of the present work," says the author, "is to give such a translation of the odes of Horace, as may preclude the necessity of notes: putting the Latin and the English reader, as it were, upon the same footing." If there had been any chance of success, this attempt would have been commendable: but he might as well have endeavoured *imponere Pelio Ossam*; and something still more gigantic, than to hope "to give one ode in each of the nineteen different metres of Horace, in blank verse of the same measure with the Latin," with any other effect than that of absurdity. Some of the odes of the Venusian bard defy all translation, their every thing consisting in a felicity of expression, altogether inimitable; but if some are proof against being turned in any verse, every ode is sure to reflect discredit on the poet who essays to dress it in an English garb, fashioned according to a Latin measure.

The translator is, however, not without desert; and if he lends a better ear to his rhymes, may be more successful in other works.

A Friendly Address to the Volunteers of Great Britain. 6d. Rivingtons. 1803.

This pamphlet, being well-timed, well-written, and well-meant, we sincerely hope that it will be well received, well read, and well applied.

Barbara Markham, or the Profligate requited. A Novel. 2 Vols. 8vo. 7s. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

In the great point of morality, this novel is without blame, and on the score of interest and amusement it is, according to the nature of the story, rarely equalled.

Terrible Tractoration!! a poetical Epistle against Galvanizing Trumpery, and the Perkinistic Institution. In four Cantos. By Christopher Caustic, M. D. L. L. D. A. S. S. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Hurst. 1803.

There appears nothing truly "terrible" in this publication, except the severe attack made on the purchaser's pocket, for such a mass of "*trumpery*." Though we may question Christopher Caustic's title to his first two degrees, we can never doubt his right to the third.

The History of Ilium, or Troy; including the adjacent Country, and the opposite Coast of the Chersonesus of Thrace. By the Author of "Travels in Asia Minor and Greece." 4to. 10s. 6d. *Robson.* 1802.

We have more time than space, and it suits better with the nature of our studies than with the nature of our work, to enter into the dispute which, moved by Mr. Bryant respecting the existence of Troy, is still in agitation. *Fuit Ilium.* Dr. Chandler is of the same opinion, and ably meets all the principal objections of Mr. Bryant, and, stepping beyond the line prescribed by his title, has given to the public a book full of interest, learning, and research.

The Poet's Day, or Imagination's Rambles, a Poem, in four Books, with smaller Poems. 12mo. *Watts and Bridgewater.* 1803.

The poet's day is divided into morning, noon, evening, and night; and a morning, noon, evening, and night, will be well spent in reading it, and deeply considering the important matter it contains.

Christmas Holidays. By Henry Whitfield, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 6d. *Highley.* 1803.

These lines are the production of an ingenious, elegant, and classical mind; and a short extract from them will be sufficient to prove that they are

——————*Fumoso non aspernanda* Decembri
Carmina. Mart. Lib. v.

After describing, in very chaste and pleasing verse, the holiday-return of the school-boy to his *dulce domum*, the meeting of his mother and sisters, and the rapturous, cordial welcome which he receives, Mr. Whitfield thus naturally introduces an old play-mate of our young friend.

"His very steps are known—his fav'rite dog,
Sleek-coated Sancho, sprung from lineage pure,
Sues for admittance at the parlour door,
Importunate, and yelps his noisy joy;
Climbs on his master, fondly licks the hand
Which tempers chastisement and choice rewards,
Then cries aloud, and frisks in wanton mood!" P. 5.

The praise that we have to bestow on this poem, seldom falls to the lot of poets—we regret that it is not longer.

The school-boy's recal is wanting to complete the subject, when

——————*tristis nucibus puer relictis*
Clamoso revocatur à magistro;
Mart. Lib. v.

and we should be glad to receive it from the pen of Mr. Whitfield.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. VII.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from page 336.]

THE SENTIMENTS, STYLE, AND VERSIFICATION.

After a tragic poet has arranged his subject, and chosen his personages, the next thing he must attend to, is the propriety of sentiments; that they be perfectly suited to the characters of those persons to whom they are attributed, and to the situations in which they are placed. The necessity of observing this general rule is so obvious, that I need not insist upon it. It is principally in the pathetic parts, that both the difficulty and the importance of it are the greatest. Tragedy is the region of passion. We come to it, expecting to be moved; and let the poet be ever so judicious in his conduct, moral in his intentions, and elegant in his style, yet if he fails in the pathetic, he has no tragic merit, we return cold and disappointed from the performance, and never desire to meet with it more.

To paint passion so truly and justly as to strike the hearts of the hearers with full sympathy, is a prerogative of genius given to few. It requires strong and ardent sensibility of mind. It requires the author to have the power of entering deeply into the characters which he draws; of becoming for a moment the very person whom he exhibits, and of assuming all his feelings. For, as I have often had occasion to observe, there is no possibility of speaking properly the language of any passion, without feeling it; and it is to the absence or deadness of real emotion, that we must ascribe the want of success in so many tragic writers, when they attempt being pathetic.

No man, for instance, when he is under the strong agitations of anger, or grief, or any such violent passion, ever thinks of describing to another what his feelings at that time are; or of telling them what he resembles. This never was, and never will be, the language

of any person when he is deeply moved. It is the language of one who describes coolly the condition of that person to another; or it is the language of the passionate person himself, after his emotion had subsided, relating what his situation was, in the moments of passion. Yet this sort of secondary description is what tragic poets too often give us, instead of the native and primary language of passion. Thus, in Mr. Addison's Cato, when Lucia confesses to Portius her love for him, but, at the same time, swears, with the greatest solemnity, that, in the present situation of their country, she will never marry him; Portius receives this unexpected sentence with the utmost astonishment and grief; at least the poet wants to make us believe that he so received it. How does he express these feelings?

> Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
> Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
> Who pants for breath, and stiffens yet alive
> In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath.

This makes his whole reply to Lucia. Now did any person, who was of a sudden astonished and overwhelmed with sorrow, ever, since the creation of the world, express himself in this manner? This is indeed an excellent description to be given us by another, of a person who was in such a situation. Nothing would have been more proper for a by-stander, recounting this conference, than to have said,

> Fix'd in astonishment, he gaz'd upon her,
> Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
> Who pants for breath, &c.

But the person, who is himself concerned, speaks, on such an occasion, in a very different manner. He gives vent to his feelings; he pleads for pity; he dwells upon the cause of his grief and astonishment; but never thinks of describing his own person and looks, and showing us, by a simile, what he resembles. Such representations of passions are no better in poetry, than it would be in painting, to make a label issue from the mouth of a figure, bidding us remark, that this figure represents an astonished, or a grieved person.

On some other occasions, when poets do not employ this sort of descriptive language in passion, they are too apt to run into forced and unnatural thoughts, in order to exaggerate the feelings of persons, whom they would paint as very strongly moved. When Osmyn, in the Mourning Bride, after parting with Almeria, regrets

in a long soliloquy, that his eyes only see objects that are present, and cannot see Almeria after she is gone; when Jane Shore, in Mr. Rowe's tragedy, on meeting with her husband in her extreme distress, and finding that he had forgiven her, calls on the rains to give her their drops, and the springs to give her their streams, that she may never want a supply of tears; in such passages, we see, very plainly, that it is neither Osmyn, nor Jane Shore, that speak; but the poet himself in his own person, who, instead of assuming the feelings of those whom he means to exhibit, and speaking as they would have done in such situations, is straining his fancy, and spurring up his genius to say something that shall be uncommonly strong and lively.

If we attend to the language that is spoken by persons under the influence of real passion, we shall find it always plain and simple; abounding indeed with those figures which express a disturbed and impetuous state of mind, such as interrogations, exclamations, and apostrophes; but never employing those which belong to the mere embellishment and parade of speech. We never meet with any subtilty or refinement, in the sentiments of real passion. The thoughts which passion suggests, are always plain and obvious ones, arising directly from its object. Passion never reasons, nor speculates, till its ardour begins to cool. It never leads to long discourse or declamation. On the contrary, it expresses itself most commonly in short, broken, and interrupted speeches; corresponding to the violent and desultory emotions of the mind.

When we examine the French tragedians by these principles, which seem clearly founded in nature, we find them often deficient, though, in many parts of tragic composition, they have great merit; though, in exciting soft and tender emotions, some of them are very successful; yet, in the high and strong pathetic, they generally fail. Their passionate speeches too often run into long declamation. There is too much reasoning and refinement; too much pomp and studied beauty in them. They rather convey a feeble impression of passion, than awaken any strong sympathy in the reader's mind.

Sophocles and Euripides are much more successful in this part of composition. In their pathetic scenes, we find no unnatural refinement! no exaggerated thoughts. They set before us the plain and direct feelings of nature, in simple expressive language; and therefore, on great occasions, they seldom fail of touching the

heart.* This, too, is Shakspere's great excellency; and to this it is principally owing that his dramatic productions, notwithstanding their many imperfections, have been so long the favourites of the public. He is more faithful to the true language of nature, in the midst of passion, than any writer. He gives us this language, unadulterated by art; and more instances of it can be quoted from him than from all other tragic poets taken together. I shall refer only to that admirable scene in Macbeth, where Macduff receives the account of his wife and all his children being slaughtered in his absence. The emotions, first of grief, and then of the most fierce resentment rising against Macbeth, are painted in such a manner, that there is no heart but must feel them, and no fancy can conceive any thing more expressive of nature.

With regard to moral sentiments and reflections in tragedies, it is clear that they must not recur too often. They lose their effect when unseasonably crowded. They render the play pedantic and declamatory. This is remarkably the case with those Latin tragedies which go under the name of Seneca, which are little more than a collection of declamations and moral sentences, wrought up with a quaint brilliancy, which suited the prevailing taste of that age.

I am not, however, of opinion, that moral reflections ought to be altogether omitted in tragedies. When properly introduced, they give dignity to the composition, and, on many occasions, they are extremely natural. When persons are under any uncommon distress, when they are beholding in others, or experiencing in themselves, the vicissitudes of human fortune; indeed, when they are placed in any of the great and trying situations of life, serious and moral reflections naturally occur to them, whether they be persons of much virtue or not. Almost every human being is, on such occasions, disposed to be serious. It is then the natural tone of the mind; and therefore no tragic poet should omit such proper opportunities, when they occur, for favouring the interests of virtue.

* Nothing, for instance, can be more touching and pathetic than the address which Medea, in Euripides, makes to her children, when she had formed the resolution of putting them to death; and nothing more natural than the conflict which she is described as suffering within herself on that occasion:

Φευ, φευ· τι προσδερκεσθε μ' ομμασιν τεκνα;
Τι προσγελατε τον πανυστατον γελων;
Ἀι, ἀι· τι δρασω; καρδια γαρ οιχεται·
Γυναικες, ὀμμα φαιδρον ως ειδον τεκνων
Ουκ ἀν δυναιμην. χαιρετω βουλευματα, &c.

EUR. MED. L. 1040.

Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy upon his fall, for instance, in Shakespeare, when he bids a long farewell to all his greatness, and the advices which he afterwards gives to Cromwell, are, in his situation, extremely natural; touch and please all readers; and are at once instructive and affecting. Much of the merit of Mr. Addison's Cato depends upon that moral turn of thought which distinguishes it. I have had occasion, both in this lecture and the preceding one, to take notice of some of its defects; and certainly neither for warmth of passion, nor proper conduct of the plot, is it at all eminent. It does not, however, follow, that it is destitute of merit. For, by the purity and beauty of the language, by the dignity of Cato's character, by that ardour of public spirit, and those virtuous sentiments of which it is full, it has always commanded high regard; and has, both in our own country and among foreigners, acquired no small reputation.

The style and versification of tragedy ought to be free, easy, and varied. Our blank verse is happily suited to this purpose. It has sufficient majesty for raising the style; it can descend to the simple and familiar; it is susceptible of great variety of cadence, and is quite free from the constraint and monotony of rhyme; for monotony is, above all things, to be avoided by a tragic poet. If he maintain every where the same stateliness of style, if he uniformly keep up the same run of measure and harmony in his verse, he cannot fail of becoming insipid. He should not, indeed, sink into flat and careless lines; his style should always have force and dignity, but not the uniform dignity of epic poetry. It should assume that briskness and ease which is suited to the freedom of dialogue, and the fluctuations of passion.

One of the greatest misfortunes of the French tragedy is, its being always written in rhyme. The nature of the French language, indeed, requires this, in order to distinguish the style from mere prose. But it fetters the freedom of the tragic dialogue, fills it with a languid monotony, and is, in a manner, fatal to the high strength and power of passion. Voltaire maintains, that the difficulty of composing in French rhyme is one great cause of the pleasure which the audience receives from the composition. Tragedy would be ruined, says he, if we were to write it in blank verse; take away the difficulty, and you take away the whole merit. A strange idea! as if the entertainment of the audience arose, not from the emotions which the poet is successful in awakening, but from a reflection on the toil which he endured in his closet, from assorting male and female rhymes. With regard to those splendid

comparisons in rhyme, and strings of couplets, with which it was, some time ago, fashionable for our English poets to conclude, not only every act of a tragedy, but sometimes, also, the most interesting scenes, nothing need be said, but that they were the most perfect barbarisms; childish ornaments, introduced to please a false taste in the audience, and now universally laid aside.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPERE.

CYMBELINE.—ACT I.

——————" I never do him wrong
" But he does buy my injuries to be friends."

Whenever I do him wrong, instead of shewing anger, or exacting atonement, he treats me with fresh kindness; and, to win my complacency, he pays me, for injuries, what I ought to offer as the price of forgiveness.

———" If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady."

It appears strange to me that any reader should, for a moment, hesitate about the proper meaning of this passage; much more so, that Mr. Steevens should be so tenacious of the negative particle which stands before " believe," as to retain it, and declare *it does not make nonsense.* Jachimo could not be so unreasonable as to deny that the lady, whom Posthumus extols, may exceed the ordinary rate of female beauty and accomplishment; he only contends, generally, that the ladies of Italy surpass those of Britain, and that, *whatever may be* the worth of Imogen, there is yet to be found another woman who outvalues her. What can be clearer than this argument:—If she went before others, whom I have seen, inasmuch as that diamond outlustres many that I have beheld, I could indeed believe she excelled many; but the most precious diamond in the world has not been seen by me, nor the most precious lady by you.

" Dost thou think in time she will not quench?"

" Quench," says Mr. Steevens, " is *grow cold;*" but this definition, I believe, will hardly be admitted; the sense intended seems to be—*The ardour or flame of her passion will be extinguished by her tears.*

ACT II.

———————— "Such
" The adornment of her bed, the arrass figures—
" Why such and such," &c.

This should be the language of a person who was giving *directions* to *another*, to take notes of what he himself at present could not see. Jachimo, on the spot, and in the act of noting, would have named the express things. There is here, as in various other parts of this play, manifest corruption.

" This is her honour."

Doctor Johnson says *this is ironically uttered*, but I rather interpret it the earnest abruption of impatience, to bring Jachimo to the point. This is a question about *her honour*; have done with idle circumstances, and confine yourself to that particular object.

" If you can be pale."

I cannot agree in Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage: *If you can forbear to flush your cheeks with rage.* I rather think Jachimo would say—then, if you are liable to conviction, and susceptible of disgrace; if your countenance can be wrought to a change by *any thing*, let this evidence of your shame *make you pale* with despair.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

TAKE, oh *take those lips away*,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day;
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Meas. for Meas. Act IV. Sc. 1.

I should be much obliged, Sir, if any of your female correspondents (for they, I suppose, are best qualified) would inform me, through the medium of your miscellany, what Mariana means by this song, and how it is possisible for Angelo to bring back kisses, if he take away his lips.

Your constant Reader,

PADDY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,*

Who perished on board a Vessel which was lost in the West Indies in the Month of February 1794.

THOUGH, mid the wild gloom of the ruthless wave
Thy fate unsooth'd by one composing tear,
You found, lamented youth! a watery grave,
Dark and remote, with no fond friendship near.

Think not, altho' the drear and billowy roar
Has torn for ever from the eyes that lov'd
Those looks that charm'd them, and that ample store
Of *virtuous wit*, that brighten'd and improv'd:

Think not, fond Spirit! that they all are past;
Memory still breaks triumphant through the storm,
Bids all thy manly virtues rise and *last*,
Recalls thy smiles, and paints thy noble form.

And oh! for thee, lov'd youth! altho' unknown,
Charm'd with thy tuneful, thy affecting lyre,
A humbler Muse shall breathe a mournful tone,
And bid it o'er the fatal floods expire.

But far more grateful to thy pensive shade,
Parental fondness mourns their Lycid gone,
He who to each fond bosom long convey'd
The liveliest joys to tenderest feelings known.

The humid lustre of the rising morn
Is usher'd in by many a sigh for thee,
And night still bids her fairy visions dawn
O'er all thy worth, in *saddest ecstacy*.

Oh! what delicious hopes inspir'd their breast,
When hastening, joyous, to thy native shore
They thought they saw thee, mid the seas at rest,
Now leave the bark, and hear th' approaching oar:

* Mr. Thomas L*********d.

But oh! denied—the sad delusive wind,
They hop'd would yield their Lycid to their breast,
His youthful honours to the waves consign'd,
And early blew them to the *realms of rest.*

Oh! had what ancient bards have sung been true;
Had Genius still the pow'r to soothe the storm,
Harmless had been each blast that round thee blew,
And safe and sacred, 'midst its rage, thy form.

What though no marble urn thy relics bear,
To teach correctly where our griefs to pour,
Thy *tomb of waters* still shall have the tear,
Soft as it floats along the winding shore.

Still shall Remembrance chaunt thy glowing song,
And, smiling, dwell on each harmonious line;
Shall round thy lyre, neglected and unstrung,
'Mid flow'rs of fame, a fun'ral wreath entwine.

Since, then, that tuneful hand no more doth glow,
And Fate has stopp'd the sounds that breath'd divine,
May those who lov'd thee, Lycid, living, know
To bear the sorrows of a loss like thine.

Ah! while they linger yet another hour
On life's extended, rude, tempestuous strand,
Waiting th' expected gale to waft them o'er,
And clasp their wanderer in a happier land;—

Oh! may Religion lull the sigh to rest,
Teach them to prize the devious ways of God;
To know that every act of his is best,
To clasp, to kiss with tears, and bless his rod.

Dec. 12, 1795. J. C***.

STANZAS.

BY MISS HOLFORD,

'TIS noon, and the cool-breathing zephyr is fled,
And the dew-drop no longer besprinkles the thorn;
I fly from the sun-beam that scorches my head,
And sigh when I think on the beauties of morn.

For oh! vanish'd morn, as I feel thee depart,
I know that life's loveliest season is o'er;
Like thy shades each soft vision is quitting my heart,
And I know that these visions shall glad it no more!

Yet why should I mourn? On my opening mind
Thought early intruded her lessons severe;
E'en in childhood I ponder'd the precepts unkind,
And mingled the revels of youth with a tear!

Sport on then, ye triflers—enjoy the gay beam,
Nor remember the shadows of ev'ning must fall,
When its splendours shall perish, like yesterday's dream,
And silence and night shall envelope ye all.

For me, as the pageant glides by, I can smile,
Since few are the pleasures Time pilfers from me,
And Hope of its terrors my breast shall beguile,
As I welcome the sentence that bids me be free!

Chester.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

Oct. 29.—*The Wife of two Husbands* was announced for this evening, but deferred, for the reason assigned in the following words, at the bottom of the bills: "The public are most respectfully informed, that the attendance of many of the performers upon military duty, in the volunteer corps, having rendered it impossible to produce the new musical drama, entitled *The Wife of two Husbands*, this evening; the piece is therefore unavoidably deferred till Tuesday next."—We insert this as a curiosity in theatrical annals.

Nov. 1.—*The Wife of two Husbands.*—A translation, or rather adaptation, to the English stage, of a piece very much applauded in Paris, called *La Femme de deux Maris*, by Mr. Cobb, a gentleman to whom the modern theatre has been considerably indebted, and whose knowledge of dramatic effect, and musical taste, have rendered him very successful in operatic compositions. The principal interest of this musical drama arises from the perplexity into which a female is thrown by the sudden appearance of a worthless husband, long supposed dead, soon after her second marriage with a man of rank and merit. We totally forget the names of these characters. With the first and legal husband she had eloped against her father's consent, which almost breaks the old man's heart: he falls into decay, and becomes blind. In this state he is afterwards discovered

by the daughter; who, though despairing of his forgiveness, watches over him in secret, administers to his necessities, and does every thing in her power to promote his comfort. The *eclaircissement* between them is attended by many affecting circumstances, much in the style of the German drama, from which the French writer, if he may not immediately have borrowed his plot, has certainly derived most of his materials. The intruding spouse, who had propagated the report of his own death from pecuniary motives, is challenged as a deserter, and owes his life to the interference of the second husband. This act of generosity, so far from impressing him with a sense of gratitude, instigates him to further outrages. In the attempt to murder his benefactor, he falls a victim, by a pantomimical trick not very probable, but certainly very effective, to his own treacherous device. With the death of this man (*Fritz* we believe is his ugly name) the piece concludes. The daughter is reconciled to her father, and the second husband is glad to find himself at liberty to retain his wife. The comic characters consist of an English sailor and an Irishman. How the author contrived to associate them with such company we could not discover, nor do we suppose it is necessary to enquire. There is plenty of loyalty between them, and, at the present moment, we must admit *that* as a sufficient substitute for wit and humour.

Though it is impossible to apply any serious criticism to a piece so inconsistent in plot, and improbable in incident, it must be allowed, upon a comparison with similar efforts, to have very fair pretensions to the public favour. The interest is, in some of the scenes, natural and powerful, the dialogue is creditable to the author's talents, and we do not believe that any other writer would have converted the original subject to a better, if so good a purpose.

The music is delightful: the overture is full of science and taste, and the chorusses are remarkably bold and grand. It is the composition and selection of Mazzinghi. The performers could not have exerted themselves more zealously, or with better effect, particularly H. Johnston, Wroughton, Johnstone, Bannister, junr. Caulfield, Mrs. Powell, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Mountain. A pleasing pastoral divertisement is introduced in the first act, in which the elegant taste of Byrne is very discernible, and the exertions of his infant prodigy rent the house with applause.

12.—*Scapin in Masquerade.*—A sort of sequel to Otway's farce of the Cheats of Scapin; and, like Otway, the author had written his piece in *three* acts; but the audience, after listening with some impatience to *two*, relieved the actors from the trouble of concluding the last.

19.—*Hearts of Oak.*—Mr. Allingham has not been so successful in the present attempt, as in his *Marriage Promise* of last year; but the comedy possesses, upon the whole, a great share of merit, and does not detract from his ability as a dramatic writer. Mr. Allingham has ventured, in one or two instances, beyond the line of safety, and, in the laudable endeavour to present originality of character, has given the picture rather too high a colouring. *O'Bradley* and *Ten per Cent.* do a little "o'erstep the modesty of nature;" but we have a much higher opinion of a writer who, though he may fail in the accomplishment of his object, aims at bold novelties, than of the timid dramatist, who merely follows his predecessors, and repeats "the same dull nauseous tale;" which, having the sanction of prescription, can of course excite no disapprobation. The character

of *Ardent* is very happily executed; a man of harsh manners, with a heart full of benevolence and pity. There are several interesting situations in the course of the play, which made a powerful appeal to the sensibility of the audience. Towards the conclusion, some disapprobation arose, but it soon subsided, and the comedy was repeated several nights.

It was perhaps injudicious, at this period, to give such a title to a play that had neither characters nor incidents which bore allusion to the navy. Another animated philippic against the Corsican upstart was spoken by way of epilogue. Mr. Graham has been named as the author. The lines are energetic and poetical.

DEC. 5.—*The Caravan*—to which, on the succeeding night, on account of the *eclat* with which the *principal performer* was received, was added the second title of the *Driver and his Dog*, was brought out on this evening, and honoured with the most unbounded applause.

"The business arises out of the attempts of *Don Gomez*, Governor of Barcelona, to prosecute the *Marquis of Calatrava*, a Spanish nobleman of great bravery and worth. The Marquis would have perished, had it not been for the benevolence of *Blabbo*, the person appointed to drive the Caravan in which he was conveyed to prison. But the principal personage is the *driver's dog*, *Carlo*, who attracts a great deal of notice from the beginning of the piece, and at last performs an exploit that will render him famous in the annals of the drama. The *Marchioness of Calatrava*, with her infant son *Julio*, has fallen into the power of *Don Gomez*. Refusing to yield to his passion, a soldier seizes the boy, and plunges him from a precipice into a river below. A large piece of real water, with two liquid cascades tumbling into it, is actually exhibited upon the stage. Into this *Carlo* leaps intrepidly from the rock, lays hold of the boy, and swims with him on shore. The unjust Governor is deposed, and the parties are made perfectly happy."

The texture of the piece is but slight, but the ingenuity of Mr. Reynolds has rendered it sufficiently interesting and diverting, and the mechanist and the scene-painter have ample opportunities of contributing their attractive aid to it. The effect of the last scene is quite *nouvelle*, and it is impossible to describe the sensation excited in the audience by the exploit of *Carlo*. No actor was ever saluted with louder acclamations than this canine hero from Newfoundland.

The music is among the best of Mr. Reeve's various compositions. We have seldom been more delighted than we were with the tender air sung by Mrs. H. Johnston, and the song by Miss De Camp, with the castanet accompaniment.

This piece has already been prodigiously attractive, and must long continue to draw crowded houses.

The enthusiasm with which *Carlo* is nightly received, suggested to us the article inserted in the miscellaneous department of this number, in honour of his sagacious species; to which we refer our readers.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Nov. 19.---*Merchant of Venice*.---Mr. Kemble performed the *Merchant*, (for the first time) to Mr. Cooke's *Shylock*.

20.---(By command of their Majesties.)---*Measure for Measure*---was revived, after a lapse of twenty years, at this theatre; several of the principal cha-

racters by the performers who so lately sustained them at Drury Lane. The chief novelty in the performance was Mr. Cooke's *Angelo*, to which, as usual, he gave a bold and original colouring. The Duke, we perceived in the bills, is, for the first time, called the *Duke of Austria.* The reason for this change we do not know. Mr. Kemble may have given him the denomination upon good grounds;---but we are no advocates for *unnecessary* innovations upon Shakspere. It is quite sufficient for the purposes of the drama, that the Duke is understood to exercise the sovereign power in Vienna. It would, indeed, be an endless task to correct Shakspere's historical and chronological deviations, many of them made intentionally, and the attempt, if practicable, we think would be arrogant and unwarranted.

25.---*Henry V.* and *Arthur and Emmeline* were performed for the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, to a house not very crowded. Mr. C. Kemble spoke an *Address to the Volunteers*, in the uniform of the Westminster Cavalry, of which corps he is himself a member. The lines were as admirably delivered as they are elegantly and forcibly written. They come from the pen of Mr. Boscawen, the translator of Horace.

DEC. 1.---*John Bull.*---Mr. Rock having gone to his engagement in Scotland, the character of *Dennis Brulgruddery* was undertaken by Mr. Waddy, and performed with so much humour and address, as to leave no expectation or wish of the audience ungratified. He was greatly applauded throughout every scene of the character.

6.---*Love laughs at Locksmiths* was performed for the first time at this theatre, but, upon the whole, in a style so very inferior to the Haymarket representation, that it would perhaps be for the interest of the proprietors of both theatres to discontinue it.

12.---*Macbeth.*---*Macduff*, for the first time, by Mr. Cooke, and *Hecate* by Mr. Incledon. The other performers have so frequently appeared in the same characters, that we should exceed the limits of these hasty *Memoranda*, were we to dwell upon the representation. Incledon, in the *singing* part of Hecate, is finer than any other person within our recollection. Mr. Cooke is not well qualified for *Macduff*, but he was yet very successful in some of the prominent passages. The omission of the ghost at the banquet, excited a tumult in the galleries, which totally spoiled the effect of the scene. In our fifth volume,* we offered several remarks upon this subject. Mr. Kemble adopted the present method on the opening of the new Drury Lane theatre, probably, in consequence of the well-known lines in Lloyd's Actor; but we could never approve of the omission. That Shakspeare meant the ghost *actually* to appear, there is no question; and this authority should be deemed decisive, unless the introduction of it were productive of effects so ludicrous as materially to injure the drama. This is not the case---the gravity of a few individuals may sometimes be a little disturbed by the ascent of the ghost, but we have remarked that the impression upon the audience, in general, has constantly been weakened by his absence, and we are perfectly assured that the *Ghost of Banquo*, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, has been one occasion of the great popularity of this tragedy. The argument goes for nothing (which we have heard advanced) that if the ghost *appears*, the *guests* must see it, as well as Macbeth. The *Queen*, in the closet scene of

* Vide pages 112, 170, 301.

Hamlet, not only does not *see* the ghost, but does not even *hear* the speech addressed by him to the prince. Nor is there more sense in the remark, that the ghost of Banquo is the mere offspring of Macbeth's terrified imagination. This indeed is the moral inference to be drawn; but Shakspere wrote his play in conformity to the popular *belief* in ghosts, and in the efficacy of witchcraft. The appearance of Banquo's ghost, is one effect of the incantation of the *weird sisters*, and part of the machinery of the tragedy. With equal propriety the apparitions of the eight kings, and Banquo's after them, in the fourth act, might be left to supposition.

In the scene with the *Cauldron* there were also some variations from the established practice, which we conceive to be injurious to the general effect. If our eyes did not deceive us, *one* object was exhibited as the representative of the *eight* kings, the number being declared by so many flashes of light upon this individual object, which continued stationary. We cannot believe that this was done to save the expence of supernumeraries, and it certainly will not be considered as an improvement. To the new mode of making the apparitions rise from the mouth of the cauldron, there can be no particular objection, on the score of propriety; but here again the effect and the interest suffer, since, from the glare of the cauldron, it is not easy to distinguish one apparition from another.

Upon the sinking of the cauldron, Macbeth exclaims, "Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is that?" This noise is represented by a *shriek*; but what meaning does that convey? The noise which Macbeth heard is a strain of *magical* music, preparatory to the visions of the kings, which the sisters invoked to "shew his eyes and grieve his heart;" music similar to that which accompanies many of the enchantments in the *Tempest*, &c. It was a constant practice, when visions were to be represented, as may be seen in many old plays, besides Shakspere's. We have offered thus much in support of JOHN BULL's right to a full view of "the blood-bolter'd Banquo," at Macbeth's "solemn supper," and in justification of the discontent he manifested, on this night, at his not exhibiting himself, as he has been wont to do on this stage ever since its erection.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre MARKET HARBOROUGH.—"Sir, As I have never perceived, among your monthly provincial reports, any account of the theatrical exhibitions at this place, I have thought a few lines on the subject might not be altogether unacceptable. We, like other towns, have been occasionally visited by strolling companies, and within these *three* years have had no less than *three* distinct ones; namely, Messrs. Hamilton, Hillyard, and Simms' companies. The latter left us a few days since, after performing every other night for about six weeks; and upon the whole in an extremely creditable manner. The company consisted of Tayleur and his wife from Manchester; the former an actor of great versatility and humour, the latter a very superior actress in old women; Mr. and Mrs. Healey also from Manchester, both performers of great merit. Indeed, Healey is the best actor in such characters as Bulcazen Muley, Job Thornberry, the Poor Gentleman, Sir Philip Blandford, &c. I ever saw out of London, where he justly merits a situation; Bywater, from Leeds, a comedian of great oddity

and whi.., and whe.e performance of Caleb Quotem particularly was highly characteristic and diverting; Yates, from Liverpool, a young man of uncommon promise, whose Octavian, though a very dissimilar character from his usual cast, evinced considerable powers both of conception and execution; he should not, however, attempt to sing, nor occasionally make use of fantastic gestures. His wife is a very fine figure, and acts in an unaffected pleasing style; the Miss Daniels, from Manchester, young actresses of much merit; Harrison, from Leeds, tolerable; Newboll, and Sharpley, and wife, indifferent; and Simms the manager, from Manchester, whose exertions as an actor, mechanist, and scene painter, and whose decent orderly conduct as a man, are highly deserving of public patronage. In short, Mr. Editor, the company was truly respectable, and, if I might be allowed to infer from some criticisms that have appeared in your publication, not only superior to any one before remembered at this place, but even to some that have strutted and fretted their hour on the boards of a theatre royal. The last night of performing was patronised by the officers and privates of the Loyal Harborough Volunteer Infantry; the theatre (a neat room in the town hall) was completely filled, the receipts being about £. 14. "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia," were sung by the audience, who seemed animated, one and all, with the warmest loyalty and patriotism.

Sept. 24, 1803. H. E.

Theatre GLASGOW.---"Our theatre closed last night, after having been open only one month, the company being obliged to go to Edinburgh. Among the new performers we had Mr. Hollingsworth from Drury Lane; Mr. and Mrs. Evatt; and Mrs. Basters, from Covent-Garden; Mr. Faulkner from Bath; Mrs. Brereton, and Mr. Berry, from Margate, &c. John Bull was again brought forward, with Rock in Dennis Brulgruddery, who, since his return from Covent-Garden, has become a greater favourite here than ever. Mr. Faulkner delivered the sentiments of Peregrine with feeling and animation; Mr. Evatt was very diverting in Tom Shuffleton; and Mr. Hollingsworth, in Sir Simon Rochdale, gave great satisfaction; but so much cannot be said for Job Thornberry, which was performed by Mr. Berry in a very inferior style; the other characters were well supported and performed by the rest of the company as in the summer.---Pizarro has also been brought forward in a very magnificent style, Pizarro and Cora by Mr. and Mrs. Evatt, Rolla Mr. Faulkner, Alonzo Mr. Toms, and Elvira by Mrs. Basters. The theatre closed last night with this popular play, which was patronised by the duke and duchess of Montrose; the house overflowed in every part. The company will return again in April."

10*th Dec*. 1803. JOHN BLUNT.

Theatre MANCHESTER.---Our theatre opened, on Friday, December 2, with *Pizarro*, and *Little Bob and Little Ben*, for the benefit of the patriotic fund, raised in this town. I observe that the company has been increased by Mrs. Reed (who, two years ago, made her debut on these boards under the then adopted name of Mrs. Faulkner) Mr. Knox (from the Theatre Royal York) Mr. Mrs. and Master and Miss Bland. The house was filled in all its parts, and the receipts amounted to £. 1[illegible]4. The play was got up with great eclat, and the performers exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Huddart was particularly successful in Rolla. Between the play and entertainment Mr. Ward was to speak an Address to the Patriotism of the British Nation, and accordingly he

came forward, but here I am very sorry to say, strong marks of disapprobation were shewn, and he was prevented from speaking by loud hisses, and at last, but not without difficulty, he obtained permission to proceed.

5th Dec. 1803.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.---They are going to revive, at the *Comedie Francaise*, the *Eteocle* and *Polinice* of *Racine*, retouched by *M. Legouve*. The first new comedy promised at this theatre, is entitled "*Le Pauvre Garçon Malade.*" A new *debutante* has lately attracted great crouds to Louvois. The name of this interesting young actress is *Fusil*. Although she possesses talents, the report which she makes in the world, compared with that of Mademoiselle *Duchesnois*, is only the explosion of a *fusil*, compared with that of a *cannon*.

The *Opera Comique* has announced the return of *Martin*, after making a departmental harvest, and a new piece, *Le Medicin Turc*. *Etteviou* will play the principal part. The music is by *Itali Francais Nicolo Trouard*. One of the theatres threatens the public with a piece, entitled the *Earthquake of Lisbon*, a *Melo-drame*, by *M. Bouille*. Some suppose this to be the same piece which *Mehul* means to bring out shortly at a provincial theatre, with a view to ascertain its merit. *La Petite Guerre* has not succeeded at Louvois; and *Anacreon* has been damned at the opera. The most difficult to please, however, admit that the decorations in Anacreon were very good, and there was, in *La Petite Guerre*, one verse that was not bad. *M. Mendouze* is the author of the grand opera of Anacreon, damned on the eleventh. A wit observed, on leaving the theatre, "They will not perform Anacreon demain 12 (De men-douze.)" The comedies received by the committee of the *Comedie Francaise*, have been rejected by the censor, one excepted. It is a comedy in five acts, by the author of *Seducteur amoreux*. Foreigners frequent *Montansier*. The *Grisette* abound at *Vandeville*. The *Bourgeois* love the tone of *Louvois*. The inhabitants of *St. Germain* croud to the *Comic Opera*. But all people of all ranks, classes, and quarters meet at the *Opera*.

CELESTIAL NOTICES.

On *Friday* 29 *Nov.* from about 9 to 10 in the evening the AURORA BOREALIS was visible: which has hardly if at all been seen for 8 or 9 years past. The *lights*, which were vivid, were low, and near the Horizon: chiefly of a *pyramidal* Form; but some nearly circular. They faded from a gold colour to a pale evanescent *white*: and had none of that variety of prismatic colours by which this *phœnomenon*, in a stronger state, is frequently distinguisht. Few if any exceeded 10 or 12°. The *Moon* shone very bright, and was only the third day from the full.

The same evening a rather small but very brilliant *Meteor*, resembling *Jupiter* in colour and lustre, was seen for 8 or 10 *seconds*, passing considerably below *Lyra*, and south of it to the West. About half an hour after another Meteor: and several of those smaller call'd *shooting stars*, all nearly in the direction of the *magnetic Meridian*.

C. L.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

(Continued from page 61.)

Covent-Garden.—Season 1760-1.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1761. [Mrs. VERNON's n.] *B. Opera.*—Lucy, (1st time) Mrs. Vincent. *Tho. and Sally.* 9.—*Ib.* and *L. Valet.*

10.—[Ben. of Mr. Barrington and Mrs. Lampe.] *Rom. and Jul.*—Juliet. (1st app.) a young GENTLEWOMAN. *Tho. and Sally.* 11.—*Sp. Friar. Chaplet.*

13.—[Mrs. Elmy's n.] *J. Shore.*—*J. Shore,* Mrs. Elmy; Belcour, Gibson. *Lethe.*—Fine Lady, Miss BRENT; Lord Chalkstone, (1st. app.) a GENT. who, after the farce, performed the scene of Lady Pentweazle.

14.—[Mrs. BENCRAFT's n.] *Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 15.—*Refusal. L. à-la-Mode.*

16.—[Mrs. Vincent's n.] *Wife's Relief. Flor. and Perdita.* Shuter's Origin, &c. of the order of British Bucks.

17.*—*Wit without Money.*—Francisco, Hull; Lucy, Miss Hedge; Isabella, Mrs. Baker. *Lethe.* The Fine Gentleman attempted (1st time) by Mrs. Burden; F. Lady, Mrs. Green.

18.—*R. Queens. T. and Sally.*

20.—[Dunstall's n.] *Wonder.*—D. Pedro, Dunstall. [Not acted for ten years] *Phebe*, or the *Beggar's Wedding.*(a) Harry Hunter and Phebe, (1st time) Mr. Mattocks and Mrs. Vernon; Chaunter, Dunstall; Tippet, Mrs. Green.

21.*—*Cleone.*—Cleone, (1st time) Mrs. Ward. [First time for six years] *Eng. in Paris.*—Buck, for this night only, by FOOTE, with a prologue; Lucinda, Miss Macklin, who sang a song, accompanied herself on the guitar, and danced a minuet with Mr. Leppie.

(a) "A ballad opera of three acts, by Charles Coffey, 8vo. It was first performed at Dublin with but indifferent success; but being afterwards reduced into one act, and played in London under the title of *Phebe*, in 1729, it pleased so well as to obtain a run of thirty nights. In the year 1763, it was revived, acted, and printed again in 8vo." *Baker.* It must have been acted, as appears from our Register, in 1751, and again in 1761.

"Charles Coffey was a native of Ireland. He had no very great share of original genius; his turn was humour, and having met with some success in altering and patching up an old farce of Jevon's, called the Devil of a Wife, he pursued the same kind of plan with some other dramatic pieces, but with very little success, most of them having been very justly damned. Mr. Coffey was in his person considerably deformed; yet no man was more ready to admit of, and even join in any raillery on himself. One remarkable instance of which was his performing the character of Æsop for his own benefit in Dublin. He died on the 13th of May, 1745, and was buried in the parish of St. Clement's Danes." *Baker.*

22.—[Mr. Lalauze's n.] *B. Body*. Shuter's *Day of Taste*, and *Double Disappointment*.

23.—[Ben. of Mattocks and Hull.] *J. Crew*. Springlove, Hull; *T. and Sally*. The Sailor, (1st time) BEARD; the Squire, (1st time) MATTOCKS.(b)

24.—[Ben. of Collins and Younger, the prompter.] *Hamlet*.—Horatio, Hull; Ophelia, Mrs. Vincent. *D. to pay*. Nell, (her 1st app. here) Mrs. Younger.

25.—[Ben. of Mr. Tindall.] *Theodosius*.—Marcian, (1st app.) Mr. Tindall. *L. Valet*. 27.*—*L. makes a Man*. Elvira, Mrs. Ferguson. *T. and Sally*.

28.---[Mr. Stoppelaer's n.] *Stratagem*. Aimwell, Hull; Gibbet, Bencraft; Cherry, (2nd app.) Mrs. Stoppelaer. *Flora, or Hob in the Well*.

29.*---*Royal Merchant*. Woolfort, Anderson; Bertha, Mrs. Lee. *D. to pay*. 30.---*Jov. Crew*. Springlove, Clarke. *R. of Pros*.(c)

(b) Mr. Beard and Mr. Mattocks on this evening exchanged characters.

* Ticket nights.

(c) Mr. Shuter's and Mrs. Clive's benefits happened this season to fall on the same evening (the 26th March) an event attended with circumstances that produced a paper war between the spirited KATE and the bold SHUTER: the following letters are transcribed from the newspapers of that day. The first was inserted in the *London Chronicle*, and the latter in the *Daily Gazetteer*.

MRS. CLIVE'S *Letter*.---" *To the* Author *of the* DAILY GAZETTEER.

" SIR,

" AS I never read your paper, I did not hear of the malicious letter you had published against my benefit, till the very day, when it was too late to endeavour to prevent the mischief it might do me, as it was most artfully put in your paper the day before, as well as the day of my play. It is dated from George's coffee-house; but your correspondent must excuse me for not believing it came from thence, as I have always heard that coffee-house was frequented by gentlemen, not one of whom, I am confident, would have done me an undeserved mischief. I could not possibly suppose Mr. Shuter was capable of asking any body to write such a letter for him, as I never did him, or any performer, the least injury; on the contrary, I have had the greatest pleasure when it has been in my power to serve them in their benefits, from the highest class of actors down to the very lowest. But though he was not concerned in the writing of it (as he has declared he was not) it is too palpable to admit of the least doubt, that it must be wrote by some of his acquaintance, in order to serve his benefit, by destroying mine.---That indeed was not quite in their power, as I had the honour to have a most noble and splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction that night at my play; who have been constant in their goodness and favour to me, and who were not to be influenced by a wretched letter-writer. The loss I most certainly sustained by it, I should have submitted to in silence, as it is with the utmost diffidence and reluctance, I appear before the public in this light: but there is a most malicious and wicked insinuation in his letter, which I think myself under an absolute necessity to reply to.

The letter-writer, with great ease, desires the public not to go to my benefit, notwithstanding I had taken infinite pains to endeavour to entertain them the whole season through; his reason for that extraordinary request is, that I was to have a French farce, wrote by a poor wretched author, translated into English, and called *The Island of Slaves* :---and then, with great art and malice, he jumbles together some popular words, as, *French Farce, English Liberty, Island of Slaves!*

"What can *Englishmen* have to do in the '*Island of Slaves*?' Poor wretched insinuation! Is it possible for any body to suppose, if there had been one syllable in the piece that had the least tendency to sneer at, or affront the liberties of this country, that the managers would have suffered it to have been acted; or that the Lord Chamberlain would have given his sanction; or that I could have been such a fool as to dare to affront the public with such a performance on my own benefit night? I hope I may be indulged (though a woman) to say I have always despised the French politics, but I never yet heard that we were at war with their wit.

"It is imputed to *me*, by the author of the letter, as a crime, that I should have a piece taken from the French for my benefit; when, at the same time, I believe one part in three of the comedies and little pieces, that are now acting at both the theatres, are acknowledged to be taken from the French; besides those that both ancient and modern authors have sneaked into the theatres without confessing from whence they came. I shall take the liberty to mention two that are known translations; the *Confederacy*, by Sir John Vanbrugh, one of our best comedies, revived about two years ago, and acted to crowded houses with great applause: *The Guardian*, another French piece, brought on about the same time, and received with the highest approbation; both these performances acted at a time when we were at war with France, as we are now. Ay, but says the good-natured letter-writer, *the Island of Slaves* (tremendous title!) I think I have made his malice appear pretty plain. I shan't have the least difficulty in making his ignorance full as conspicuous. It does not seem, by the style of his letter, that he is very intimately acquainted with his own language, but it is evident he knows nothing of the French; for if he had been capable of reading Mons. Marivaux's *Isle des Esclaves*, he could not have been quite so clumsy a critic, as to say he is a poor paltry author, when he is acknowledged, by all people of taste and judgment, to be one of the very best writers the French have.

"Then, as to his malicious insinuation, the *Island of Slaves* is so very far from being a satire upon English liberty, that there is the highest compliment paid to it. The people of that island having quitted their native country, (Athens) because *they would not be* SLAVES, and established themselves in an Island, where, when their passions have subsided, and they begin to forget the injuries they received in their own country, they make the most noble, humane, sensible laws. I can't pretend to give an account of the whole piece in this letter, but I may with great truth say, there was not any thing in it that was exceptionable; great spirit and humour in two of the characters, and fine sentiments throughout the whole; some parts, perhaps, too grave for what is generally expected in pieces after a play. I shall beg leave to insert a few lines (not a translation) which concluded the piece. After Philo (one of the islanders) has con-

vinced the Athenians, who are then in his power, of their follies, he promises to provide them ships to send them into their own country. Cleanthe, one of the characters, says:

"'We are all equally obliged to you, most amiable Philo, for your goodness to us; and if we should be so fortunate to arrive safe at Athens, I hope we shall have influence enough to prevail with them, when we recount our adventures, to imitate the incomparable laws of this ever happy island.'

"I have done with your correspondent: now, Mr. Gazetteer, I must say two or three words to you. I desire you would let me know who was the author of that letter, or it is possible I may convince you I am so truly an English woman, and so little inclined to be a *slave*, as not to suffer any one to do me an injury with impunity.

"I am informed you have more than once drawn yourself into scrapes, by the delicacy of your paper. If you comply with this request, in giving up your author, I shall think you intend to reform your manners; and in that case you will stand a chance of being read by your humble servant,

" *Henrietta-Street, Covent-Garden,* " C. CLIVE.
April 3, 1761.

"P. S. If I can have leave from the person who did me the honour to translate the *Island of Slaves* for me, I shall print it, when every one that pleases may see how extremely ill I have been treated."

MR. SHUTER'S *Letter*.---" *To the* Author *of the* LONDON CHRONICLE.

"SIR,

"I was much surprised when I read that Mrs. Clive had inserted a letter in your paper of Saturday last, wherein she took great liberty with my name: but my surprise was greatly increased, when I read that letter; for it seems a virulent charge against me, by way of appeal to the public, which Mrs. Clive ought by no means to have done, as I had exculpated myself to her from that charge, in a more decent manner than she had reason to expect from me. However, as that lady has thought proper to appeal to the public, after the declaration I had made to her, which I thought would have been quite satisfactory to any candid and well-meaning person, I conceive it a duty incumbent on me, as equally interested in the public favour, to vindicate myself from the aspersions unjustly thrown on my character, and to put an *end* to all controversy relating to this affair.

"Mrs. Clive's benefit happened on the same night with mine, and a letter relating to both was inserted in the Gazetteer, which has given that gentlewoman prodigious offence; and she has levelled the bolt of all her fury against me, who was an entire stranger to the whole matter. My benefit, thanks to the indulgence of the public, was, as usual, a very great one: and Mrs. Clive's, I suppose, short of her expectation; therefore, as the French author of her farce was censured in the letter in the Gazetteer, she hastily and inconsiderately imputed it to me, or to some friend of mine who had wrote it at my desire, and published it with my privity: in all which she will appear to be mistaken, to have been too passionately censorious, and too deliberately unjust.

"I am too much obliged to the public, ever to think of troubling them with any of my private transactions; and I would cautiously avoid recriminations of any kind; but as Mrs. Clive will not be content with my private declaration, she

constrains me to the necessity of obliging her with a public one; and I submit the whole to the decision of all persons of honour, and lovers of impartiality.

"The day after our benefits, I was honoured with the following letter from Mrs. Clive.

"SIR,

"I Must Desire you woud Do Me the favour to let Me know if you was auther of a letter in the Dayle Gezetteer---relating to the New peice I had for my benefet; as it was intended to hurt my benefit and Serve yours every body will Naturely Conclude you was the auther; if you are not assham'd of being so I Suppose you will own it; if you really was not Concernd in wrighting it I shall be very glad; for I should be extreamly shock'd that an acttor shoud be guilty of so base an action; I don't often take the liberty of wrighting to the publick, I am Now under a Nessesitty of Doing it---therefore Desier your answer.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"*Henrietta-Street, March* 27, 1761. "C. CLIVE."

"To Mr. Shuter.

"I was astonished at the receipt of such a letter, and wrote her the following answer:

"MADAM,

"*The favour you desire of me* is readily granted. I was not *author of the letter you mention in the Gazetteer, relating to the New Piece you had for your benefit;* nor have I any further knowledge of it than yourself. It could be of little *service to my benefit*, and I should be sorry to think it was the least detrimental to yours. I am therefore *under the necessity*, Madam, of telling you, that I have no occasion for recourse to any subterfuge to support my interest, in prejudice of another person, and especially a lady, such as yourself, so well entitled to the public favour. Small, Madam, as my pretensions are to that favour, I have the happiness to obtain it, almost without solicitation; and, *as I really was not concerned in writing that letter*, I hope *you will be very glad*. As a man, I have never been *guilty of a base action;* and, as an actor, I appeal to all of our profession, how far *your natural conclusions* are applicable to me? You will pardon me, if I say they are too precipitate, and entirely inconclusive. I hope any *address of yours to the public* will have a different complexion; and, with a just concern for your present perturbation of spirits, I am, Madam,

"Your real well-wisher and admirer,

"*March* 29, 1761, "E. SHUTER."

"To Mrs. Clive, in Henrietta-street.

"I thought this would have been a satisfactory answer: but Mrs. Clive is still dissatisfied; and in her letter in the Chronicle of Saturday, April 4, calls the letter in the Gazetteer, a *malicious* one, published against her benefit, and that it was *artfully* put in the paper to do her mischief. Indeed she very modestly acknowledges, she could not possibly suppose Mr. Shuter was capable of asking any body to write such a letter for him, as she never did him, or any performer the least injury. Yet in the same breath she exclaims, "but though he was not concerned in the writing of it *(as he has declared he was not)* it is too palpable to

admit of the least doubt, that it must be wrote by some of his acquaintance, in order to serve his benefit by destroying mine." What she says of the letter-writer ought to be answered by himself, whoever he is. As for myself, it appears, that Mrs. Clive, in her letter, asked me if I was author of the letter in the Gazetteer? I answered her as negatively as I could, and that I had no further knowledge of it than herself. I am very sorry Mrs. Clive should sustain any loss on that account, especially as she had the honour to have a most noble and splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction that night at her play, who have been constant in their goodness and favour to her, and who were not to be influenced by a wretched letter-writer.

"It is not for me to take notice of the inconsistencies in a lady's letter, wrote with rage, resentment, and spleen: but as an honest man, falsely accused, it is necessary for me, in such a case, to justify myself to the world; and it is with this view *only*, that I make the following solemn declaration.

"*Middlesex*. Edward Shuter, of Covent-Garden theatre, maketh oath and saith, that he, this deponent, was no ways advising, consenting, or privy to a certain letter, published in the Daily Gazetteer, relating to Mrs. Clive's benefit, and her farce called the 'Island of Slaves;' and that he, this deponent, did not know who was the author of it; nor did he see or hear of the same till it was published as aforesaid.

"ED. SHUTER.

"Sworn at Islington, before me, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the said county, this 6th day of April, 1761.

"CHARLES PALMER.

"I hope this will defeat any *malicious* and *wicked* insinuation against me. Mrs. Clive ought to have been satisfied with my former declaration; nor is it out of any resentment to her, but in justice to myself, and a due regard to the public, who might otherwise receive such pre-possessions against me, that I have thus set forth the whole affair.

"ED. SHUTER."

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

PHENOMENON.---A meteor, or fire-ball, as it is commonly termed, was seen on Sunday night, Nov. 13, from several parts of the metropolis. It appeared to be at the height of 500 feet, about eighteen inches in diameter, emitting a light blue flame, and with a train of a paler colour, approaching to that of silver. It appeared from Piccadilly to describe a parabola, taking a western direction, and illuminated the whole atmosphere, during the few seconds that it was visible.

A newspaper has the following marvellous paragraph---"Friday morning last, a dog was seen running through the streets of Harrow, with three rats sticking to his throat, the dog at the same time howling in dreadful agony. A man instantly seized a gun, killed two of the rats, wounded a sheep, killed a bat, broke four windows, wounded a cow, and the dog escaped safe with the other

rat!!" This is evidently a parody on the *House that Jack built*, in the style of Baron Munchausen.

The total amount of the prizes captured this war, is estimated at twelve millions. Those carried into Liverpool alone are valued at two millions four hundred thousand pounds.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.---Soon after Captain (now Admiral) Cornwallis succeeded to the command of the Canada, on the resignation of Sir George Collier, and was at sea, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company; in consequence of which they signed what they termed a Round Robin, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fight a gun till they were paid Captain Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had the crew piped upon the deck, and thus laconically harangued them: " My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return into port; and as to your not fighting, I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see; when the devil himself can't keep you from it." The Jacks were so tickled with this warlike compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied than if they had been paid the money they demanded ten times over!

Two soldiers of the Parisian guard lately repaired to the *Champs Elysees*, to fence with sabres. They were naked down to the waist, and every blow, if not parried, might cut the one on whom it fell into two pieces. Who were the spectators? Women of the first fashion and elegance, with robes trimmed with gold and silver---women, who would faint at the sight of a mouse or a piece of cheese. Fortunately for one of the combatants, whose blood began to flow, an officer interfered his authority, and saved his life.

The Pope has granted the French a plenary indulgence for their crimes, for thirty days. The French have indulged themselves in crimes for these fifteen years past without his leave.

DELUGE AT MADEIRA.---A private letter to a respectable house in town communicates some important particulars of the late disaster at Madeira. This letter states, that, on the night of the 9th of Oct. last, a torrent rushed down from the mountains on the town of Funchal, the capital of the island of Madeira, with irresistible violence, bearing every thing before it in its passage to the sea. The bed of the river, not being capable of containing this increase of water, overflowed on each side to a considerable extent, and swept away three of its bridges, and a magnificent church. Mansions, warehouses, inhabitants, cattle, and effects of all sorts, were indiscriminately involved in this resistless element, and hurried to the ocean. The streets of two thirds of the town were completely inundated; in most places the water reached to the first floor. The darkness of the night, the rush and roar of the waters, the cries of the sufferers, the terror of all, formed such a scene as may with difficulty be conceived, but mocks all powers of description. Towards morning, however, the violence of the torrent abated, and, towards the noon of next day, had nearly subsided. Every exertion was now made to ascertain the extent of the mischief, and to relieve the distresses of those to whom relief could be given. But here our information, owing to the Governor, who would not suffer the dispatch of any private letters, ceases to be particular. The friends of Mr. Cock, the Vice-Consul, will rejoice to hear that, although his

house and stores were entirely swept away, yet that he and his numerous family have all, though with extreme difficulty, providentially escaped. Nor is there mention of any other English family having suffered in the slightest degree. The vast aggregate of water is conjectured to have been produced by the bursting of a water-spout in the mountains (an accident not unfrequent) for, although it had rained on the day of, and on that preceding, the event, yet the quantity which had fallen was not at all sufficient to produce such a flood. A pretty considerable village, which lay in the course of the torrent, is entirely destroyed.

Subsequent accounts afford reason to believe, that report has much exaggerated the distress occasioned by this event.

RETORT COURTEOUS.---A few days ago, a Quaker being brought before a justice of the peace at Huddersfield, on account of some religious scruple, the magistrate, with a voice roused several keys above its usual tone, cried, "Well, I understand thou art a Quaker." "I am," replied the friend, "and what hast thou to say against that." The justice, with his wonted sagacity, and forgetting the extensive meaning of the word ALL, observed, "I have only to say, that if *all* men were Quakers, Bonaparte might come and slaughter us as soon as he pleased." "Nay," answered the man of peace, "thou'rt mistaken, friend, for if *all* men were Quakers, then would Bonaparte be one also, and if he were, I am sure he would kill no man!"

A very singular circumstance has excited the attention of the neighbourhood of Leeds. A pregnant female, of the name of Applegarth, has actually made an affidavit before the mayor of that town, at the instance of the parish officers, to the following effect:---"That she had been employed at St. Cloud, in France, in the palace of the First Consul, as an upper house-maid; but was obliged to leave her situation in an early stage of pregnancy, on the breaking out of the war, and that Bonaparte is the father of the child."

GUN BOATS.---The plan of invading England with gun boats was proposed, during the seven years war, to the Minister of Louis XV. the Duc de Choiseul, by Captain Kervagelen, who had resided a long time in England, and in 1740 and 1742, when Russia and Sweden were at war, had been in the service of the latter. The navy of France, at that period, was much inferior to the British navy, and though our regulars were employed in Germany, America, and India, the number of our militia was not one third what they are at present; our volunteers were even less numerous than our militia; our coast almost without defence or defenders; and our councils distracted by factions and divisions; the then regular and paternal government of France, considering the improbability of any success, and the great certainty of the loss of lives in the attempt, after building near one hundred gun boats, relinquished that mode of invading England, as totally impracticable. In 1796, the gun boat system was revived in France by a Captain Muskein, son of a late merchant in Antwerp, who, in 1789 and 1790 had been a lieutenant in the Swedish service, and as such distinguished himself in the war between Russia and Sweden. According to his plan, several hundred gun boats were contracted for by the Directory, who made Muskein the commander over the flotilla. In the spring of 1791, he attacked, with fifty gun boats, the island of St. Marcou, but was repulsed with great loss. This trial disgusted the Directory, and Muskein was disgraced. Bonaparte, who

cares less about the lives of his slaves than even the cruel directory, has revived this destructive, if not absurd plan, because it flatters his ambition, agitates England, and involves Englishmen in great expence, by great and expensive defensive measures. The success of carrying on the war with gun boats, in the Baltic, on the coasts of Sweden and Russia, is owing partioularly to the natural circumstance, that in the Baltic no tides interfere with their manœuvres. Peter the Great was the first who constructed these vessels after his conquest of Livonia; and in the Gulph of Finland, and during the absence of Charles XII. did great mischief to all the Swedish towns upon the coast. In the war of 1740, the Swedes had a gun boat flotilla, but not numerous enough to resist that of Russia. It was particularly in the last war between Russia and Sweden, that the great Gustavus III. proved the adventure of gun boats. After the unequal battle in July 1770, near Wybourg, between the inferior Swedish fleet and that of Russia, the Russian gun boats, or, as they are called, the galley fleet, attacked that of Sweden near Swenfund, and, after an engagement of twelve hours, were completely defeated, with the loss of 80 gun-boats and other vessels, and 10,000 prisoners. This victory the Swedish monarch gained in person, with Sir Sidney Smith by his side, only a fortnight after his defeat. At this action Muskein was present, and brought it forward as an argument in favour of a flotilla of boats.

The Rev. Mr. Beloe, who has recently been appointed one of the librarians in the British Museum, is now employed in forming a regular catalogue of the very extensive and valuable library bequeathed to the Museum by Garrick. The enquiring public will derive very considerable advantage from the labours of Mr. Beloe, since considerable inconvenience hath constantly arisen from the irregular and complex manner in which these books have hitherto been arranged.

A short time since, a black servant in Loughborough House Academy, Brixton Causeway, secreted himself under the maids' bed, and being found by them in that situation, they gave an alarm, which he wanted to soothe by rude means. Their screams bringing some persons to their assistance he jumped from a two pair of stairs window, and dislocated his neck. He has since been buried under the verdict of an inquest of *Accidental Death*.

The number of the poor in Paris, supported by public charity, amounts at present to 130,000, of whom 111,600 live in their houses, 13,900 in hospitals, and other charitable houses, and 4500 children are boarded and educated in the country.---The dearth of provision is daily increasing at Paris.

The following correspondence between the Prince of Wales, the King, the Duke of York, and Mr. Addington, which (under what authority, or with what propriety, it is not for us to enquire) has found its way into the public prints, is of so interesting a nature, that our readers might justly complain were we to omit it.

No. I.

Carlton-House, July 18, 1803.

Sir,---The subject on which I address you, presses so heavily on my mind, and daily acquires such additional importance, that, notwithstanding my wish to avoid any interference with the disposition made by his Majesty's ministers, I find

it impossible to withhold or delay an explicit statement of my feelings, to which I would direct your most serious consideration. When it was officially communicated to parliament, that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on our kingdoms, the question became so obvious, that the circumstances of the times required the voluntary tender of personal service: when parliament, in consequence of this representation, agreed to extraordinary measures for the defence of these realms *alone*, it was evident that the danger was not believed dubious or remote. Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large, conscious of the duties which I owed to his Majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment; I am aware I do not possess the experience of actual warfare; at the same time I cannot regard myself as totally unqualified, or deficient in military science, since I have long made the service my particular study; my chief pretensions were founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of those expectations which the public had a right to form, as to the personal exertions of their princes, at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, in so much the efforts of zeal became necessarily greater; and I confess, that if duty had not been so paramount, a reflection on the splendid achievements of my predecessors would have excited in me the spirit of emulation; when, however, in addition to such recollections, the nature of the contest in which we are about to engage, was impressed on my consideration, I should, indeed, have been devoid of every virtuous sentiment, if I felt no reluctance in remaining a passive spectator of armaments, which have for their object the very existence of the British empire. Thus was I influenced to make my offer of service; and I did imagine, that his Majesty's ministers would have attached to it more value; but when I find that, from some unknown cause, my appointment seems to remain so long undetermined; when I feel myself exposed to the obloquy of being regarded by the country, as passing my time indifferent to the events which *menace*, and insensible to the call of patriotism, much more of glory, it then behoves me to examine my rights, and to remind his Majesty's ministers, that the claim which I have advanced is strictly constitutional, and justified by precedent; and that, in the present situation of Europe, to deny my exercising it, is fatal to my own immediate honour, and the future interests of the crown. I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed on me by birth, and that I should ever shew myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. The time is arrived when I may prove myself sensible of the duties of my situation, and of evincing my devotion to that Sovereign, who, by nature, as well as public worth, commands my most affectionate attachment. I repeat, that I should be sorry to embarrass the government at any time, most particularly at such a crisis; but since no event in my future life can compensate for the misfortune of not partaking in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose an invading enemy, I cannot forego the earnest renewal of my application. All I solicit is, a more ostensible situation than that in which I am at present placed; for, situated as I am, as a mere colonel of a regiment, the major-general, commanding the brigade, of which such a regiment must form a part, would justly

expect and receive the full credit of pre-arrangement and successful enterprise. I remain, Sir, very sincerely yours,

(Signed) G. P.

Right Hon. Henry Addington, &c. &c. &c.

No. II.

July 26, 1803.

A week has now elapsed since the Prince of Wales transmitted to Mr. Addington a letter on a subject of the highest importance. Though he cannot anticipate a refusal to so reasonable a demand, he must still express some surprise, that a communication of such a nature should have remained so long unanswered. When the Prince of Wales desired to be placed in a situation, which might enable him to shew to the people of England, the example of zeal, fidelity, and devotion to his Sovereign, he naturally thought, that he was only fulfilling his appropriate duty as the first subject of the realm, in which, as it has pleased Providence to cause him to have been born, so he is determined to maintain himself, by all those honourable exertions which the exigencies of these critical times peculiarly demand. The motives of his conduct cannot be misconceived, or misrepresented; he has, at a moment when every thing is at stake that is dear and sacred to him, and to the nation, asked to be advanced in military rank, because he may have his birth-right to fight for, the throne of his father to defend, the glory of the people of England to uphold, which is dearer to him than life, which has yet remained unsullied under the Princes of the House of Brunswick, and which, he trusts, will be transmitted pure and uncontaminated to the latest generations. Animated by such sentiments, he has naturally desired to be placed in a situation where he can act according to the feelings of his heart, and the dictates of his conscience. In making the offer, in again repeating it, the Prince of Wales considers, that he has only performed his duty to himself, to the State, to the King, to Europe, whose fate may be involved in the issue of this contest; if this tender of his services is rejected, he shall ever lament that all his efforts have been fruitless, and that he has been deprived of making those exertions which the circumstances of the empire, his own inclinations, and his early and long attention to military affairs, would have rendered so peculiarly grateful to himself, and, he trusts, not entirely useless to the public.

No. III.

Downing Street, July 27, 1803.

Upon receiving the letter with which Mr. Addington was last week honoured by the Prince of Wales, he assured his Royal Highness that it should be immediately laid before the King. This was accordingly done, and the letter is still in his Majesty's possession. A communication was afterwards made to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in a mode, and through a channel which Mr. Addington humbly hoped his Royal Highness would approve. Mr. Addington, however, now finds it to be incumbent upon him, in consequence of the expectation which has been expressed by his Royal Highness, to state, that his Majesty, on being informed of the sentiments and wishes of the Prince of Wales, applauded, in the strongest manner, the feelings by which his Royal Highness is actuated; but referred, nevertheless, to the answers which his Majesty had judged it necessary to return to similar representations, which, in obedience to

the commands of his Royal Highness, had been laid before his Majesty upon former occasions.

No. IV.

Carlton House, July 28, 1803.

The Prince of Wales has received Mr. Addington's written communication of last night, the Prince of Wales has only to observe, that he requires Mr. Addington to submit to his Majesty his last note, dated the 26th of this month.

No. V.

Downing Street, July 28, 1803.
Half past 11---*P. M.*

Mr. Addington is just honoured with the commands of the Prince of Wales, and will not fail to lay his Royal Highness's letter, dated the 26th of this month, before the King.

No. VI.

Downing Street, August 1, 1803.

SIR---In obedience to the commands of your Royal Highness, I laid before his Majesty the letter dated the 26th of July, with which your Royal Highness had honoured me, and I have it in command from his Majesty to acquaint your Royal Highness, that "the King had referred Mr. Addington to the orders he had before given him, with the addition, that, the King's opinion being fixed, he desired that no further mention should be made to him upon the subject." I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect and deference, Sir, your Royal Highness's humble, &c.

(Signed) HENRY ADDINGTON.

[To be concluded in our next]

BIRTHS.

The lady of Henry Reynell Reynolds, Esq. of a daughter. In Upper Brook-Street, Lady Wilson, of a son. Lady Porchester, of a daughter. Lady Amherst, of a son. The Lady of Edward Lee, Esq. M. P. of a daughter. The Lady of Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Sir Henry Carr Ibbetson, Bart. of Denton Park, near Otley, to Miss Scott. At Portsmouth, Major-General Lloyd, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Beaumez. At Wanstead, His Excellency le Comte de Rally, to Mademoiselle Adelaide, Princess of Bourbon. At Layton, Essex, William Curtis, Esq. of Lombard Street, to Miss Lear. The Earl of Belvidere, to Miss M'Cay. Lord Mahon, to Miss Smith, daughter of Lord Carington.

DIED.

In Derbyshire, of a scarlet fever, Lady Harriet Stanhope. William Jackson, Esq. aged 88, one of the cashiers of the Bank of England, in which service he had been between 50 and 60 years. Joseph Wilton, Esq. R. A. aged 82. in Oxfordshire, Francis Page, Esq. In Blackfriars, Mr. John Feltham, author of the History of the Isle of Man. Richard Olebar, Esq. one of the clerks extraordinary of the Privy Council.

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